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THE BLOWN ROSE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY CATHERINE KINGSTON FILER.

Under the branches bending low,
Fair in the shadows cool and dim,
She stands like a nymph so lightly poised,
Thinking sweet thoughts of him.

The south winds blow the witches, growing,
The sweet alyssum's odors rise,
In fragrant waves around her flowing,
And in her heart is Paradise.

The best of her heart is musical,
Her life is a poem set to song,
Blossoms of light and love and joy,
Gladden her path along.

And oh! in the way of her feet to-night,
Life's rose of love disclosed is blowing;
And oh! her joy is deep—too deep,
For heart that loves not ever knowing!

It's ah! for the bliss of meeting hearts!
For the love unuttered, but still known!
To feel the thrill of the hands that clasp
Together the rose full-blown.

When knowledge, sweet, o'er tranced souls,
Sweeps like a strain down-swept of wings,
Celestial, when the angel hands
Strike passion love from golden strings.

Under the odor-freighted boughs
With moonbeams crost, she smiling stands,
Thinking of him, the while he comes,
To lay the full-blown rose in her hands.

Heathersley Grange;

OR, THE

WRECKERS OF THE CORNISH COAST.

A Romance of the Days of the Young Pretender.

THE FIGURE THAT TRACKED HUGH HATTERICK.

CHAPTER V.

A STRANGE DRAMA.

Down the dark cliff path went Sir Digby Heathersley.

It was quite evident that the locality was no strange one to him, for amid the rugged stones which everywhere met the feet on this steep descent, he picked his way readily, and soon reached the broad shingle which everywhere spread out between the heavy shadow of the rocks.

It was a solemn scene, where the silence was only broken by the wash of the waves on the shore, and the occasional cry of a sea-bird, or the far-off signal of some ship.

The baronet made his way rapidly along the shingle, until he reached a point where a black wall of rock jutted out into the sea. There seemed to be no possible method of passing this, for the bluff headland jutted completely into the water, and appeared, moreover, to offer no means whatever of ascent. Sir Digby, however, knew the place far better than his son. Without a moment's hesitation he stepped into the water close beneath the overhanging rocks, and stepped from stone to stone, until he disappeared in the shadows.

Henry Heathersley hesitated not, but at once followed his father.

His progress was, of course, far from being so rapid as that of Sir Digby, for he had carefully to pick his way through the water, seeking for stepping-stones beneath the waves, which, as it was, rose as high as his knees, and had it been stormy weather would have overwhelmed him.

He had not far to go, however, for he had scarcely made a dozen steps before a strong and sudden blaze of light arrested his progress for a moment.

The high rock, under the shadow of which he was standing, was one of two of almost equal height, between which was a half-circuit of shingly beach, which was concealed completely from observation by a wall of towering and rugged cliffs.

Around the semi-circuit of dry land, several torches—huge, flaming, smoking flambeaux—were stuck in crevices in the chalk, and cast a ruddy glare over the forms of some twenty men, dressed in a variety of costumes.

Some, among whom Hugh Hatterick was conspicuous, were habited in the garb peculiar to the smuggling community of that wild Cornish district; while the others, with the exception of two who had the appearance of Dutch sailors, were evidently officers in some foreign service, though as to their particular nationality it would have been difficult to speak with certainty.

A suppressed cheer of welcome greeted Sir Digby Heathersley as he stepped into the midst of the group. They had evidently been waiting his arrival, as one who was necessary to their counsels.

"Welcome!" said one of the officers, advancing, and speaking with rather a foreign accent. "We were beginning to fear that some untoward event had prevented your coming."

"No," replied Sir Digby, "I have not been watched, but in a small town like this I am compelled to be careful, for fear of exciting suspicion."

"Do you bring us good news?" asked the other, eagerly.

"Yes," replied Sir Digby, "I have received sure intelligence from London. Listen, and I will tell it to you as briefly as I can."

It is not my intention in this story to enter into the general history of the wild, tumultuous period which is memorable as being that of the last attempt of the Stuarts to regain the throne of England.

I shall only touch upon it where it is necessary to show how the fortunes of my characters were effected by that mad and ill-conceived escapade of fallen royalty.

Suffice it, therefore, to say that Sir Digby described, as well and as rapidly as he could, the state of public feeling in England, leading his hearers to suppose that the kingdom was rife for a revolt, and groaning under its heavy burden of taxation.

"It only needs the presence of Prince Charles in England to rouse an universal revolution," said Sir Digby. "If his royal highness can but collect troops abroad sufficient to escort him to London, the capital will fall into his hands in a day."

The words had scarcely left his lips when a bright light shot up towards the sky some quarter of a mile out at sea, and at the same time a loud booming noise rolled over the dark and restless waters.

"That is a signal of danger," cried Hugh Hatterick, loudly. "Gentlemen, if your conference is over, you had better fly at once to your boats."

"A moment more," said the officer, drawing a bundle of papers from his pocket; "quick, Sir Digby, take these, and give me in return whatever you have for me. We must not dream of capture. To be found with such documents as these would be to ruin ourselves and the cause we uphold."

The interchange of documents had scarcely been made, when with a rush, the prow of a small cutter came dashing out from behind one point of the dark cliffs, and at the same time a number of coast-guardsmen rushed round from the side opposite to where Henry Heathersley stood watching.

"We are betrayed," cried Hugh Hatterick; "fly, Sir Digby, ere you are recognized."

So saying, the daring smuggler and his men made a dash at the torches and extinguished them before the coast-guard had been able to catch the features of any.

In spite of the darkness, however, a desperate fight began. The smugglers and the officers ranged themselves together, and in the pale light of the fitful moon the swords sprang out for the deadly combat.

Henry's heart sank within him. What could he do, situated as he was? To draw his sword and rush into the thick of the fight to protect his father, was his first thought.

A moment's reflection, however, determined him to save his father without enabling him to recognize his savior. The impulse of love told him, even at this extreme moment, how he might use this incident in the future.

Rushing suddenly forward, therefore, he snatched from one of the foreign officers a broad slouched hat, which he placed on his head in such a manner as to entirely conceal his features, and then seized his father by the arm.

"This way, Sir Digby," he cried, in an assumed voice; "this way."

He had scarcely spoken when a pistol shot from one of the coast-guard struck his father's arm, and he staggered back with a loud cry of pain.

Striking down the man who rushed forward to give him the *coup de grace*, Henry seized Sir Digby in his arms, and sped away, rushing knee-deep through the water and making his way unpursued up the rocky slope.

In spite of the fact, however, that he had no one following him, and could, therefore, proceed comparatively slowly, the task before him was no easy one. The night was, as I have said, a dark one, illumined only occasionally by the light of the moon, which sent now and then a faint, sickly beam over the country and the ocean. Great stones and deep ruts impeded him, and every moment the path neared the edge of the high cliffs so close, that there lay but a few inches, as it were, between him and destruction.

But Henry Heathersley knew enough of the place not to fear for himself.

Not until he had placed some distance between himself and the scene of conflict, did he place his father on his feet. When he did so, however, he pointed towards the high road.

"Go, Sir Digby," he said, in a feigned voice, "go while you are safe and unsuspected."

"Not till I know the name of my friend—my savior," said Sir Digby. "Who, sir, and what are you?"

"The future may tell you, not I," replied Henry, as he turned and hurried away.

For a moment Sir Digby hesitated, and glanced after the one who had saved him.

Should he follow him? An instant's reflection decided him *not* to do so. The wound in his arm was still painful, and he might faint on the rocks, where no assistance could reach him.

Murmuring, therefore, a blessing upon the person who had so bravely—so opportunely and so unexpectedly rushed to his assistance, he proceeded on, and hastened towards Heathersly Grange, the sounds of strife still ringing clearly and loudly in his ears.

The coast-guard, meanwhile, had found their match. The suddenness of their onslaught had at first given them an advantage, but it was not long before the stalwart smugglers and the disciplined officers of the French army began to show a stern and determined front, and press forward towards the sea in spite of all resistance.

During the fight a boat had been launched from the ship which had given such repeated signals, and soon after the disappearance of Sir Digby Heathersley, the dark prow of a large skiff emerged from the darkness, and glided up on the shingly beach.

From this leaped six men, habited as French sailors.

With this reinforcement, the friends of the Young Pretender were able to make a bold stand, and in the course of a few minutes they had fought their way towards the boat, by means of which they hoped to make good their retreat to their ship.

"I like not this running away," said Hugh Hatterick, as he backed with the others towards the boat. "We're strong enough surely to send these fellows to the right-about."

"Yes, yes," said the French officer; "but our business now is not to fight, but to get safely on board with our papers. Now, then, comrades, leap in, and let us be going."

The latter part of his speech, spoken in French, was unintelligible to Hugh Hatterick, but seeing the French scramble into their boat, he waved his hand in adieu, and then rushed back into the thick of the fight.

"Hold!" he cried, in a stentorian voice, as he placed his huge form in the way, and confronted the coast-guard. "Tell me the meaning of this. Why are we attacked? What were we doing, that you should pounce upon us as if we were thieves and marauders? May not men meet and talk beneath the cliffs without being fired on like mad dogs?"

"We know you well, Hugh Hatterick," said the chief officer of the coast-guard, "and we know, too, why you are here. It's only owing to our sudden appearance that you've not run a fine cargo to-night. Our purpose was to secure those French conspirators, who are here for no good; and, mark, me, you'll find yourself in a close prison yet, for all your defiance and bravado."

"I've as much right here as *you* have. No man knows that better than yourself, Captain Granger," cried Hugh Hatterick, folding his arms, "and you'd no right to fire without calling upon us to surrender. I am a witness to that—and you, my men. See, yonder lies Dick Laurence, near his death. You'll have revenge for this, won't you?"

"We will! We will!" shouted the smugglers, in hoarse voices.

"You hear that, Captain Granger?" said Hugh; "now go. I give you five minutes to clear the beach, or there'll be more blood shed. Now the French are gone, it will be a struggle to the death, I can tell you."

Captain Granger thought a moment. Then he turned and gave a rapid order to his men.

"We'll go from this spot," he said; "but mark me, as my name is Granger, you'll run no cargo to-night."

So saying, he turned, and, with his men, took his way up the rocks, not heeding the loud and derisive laugh with which Hugh Hatterick greeted his words—a laugh which was joined in by the smugglers, and the echoes of which went rolling away over the waters.

Dispersing themselves upon the rocks above, the coast-guard, under cover of the rugged stones, disposed themselves so that their guns thoroughly commanded the small amphitheatre where Sir Digby Heathersley and the other conspirators had met.

But they soon found that their care was in vain. After a few hurried words to his companions, Hugh Hatterick took his way also towards Trevegar, and the smugglers dispersed themselves over the neighboring downs, each apparently seeking the way towards his own home. They did not do this, however. Pass away as they might appear to do, their destination was in reality the Dead Man's Cave, and here, after an hour's delay, they met.

Far out upon the waves dark things floated and these, by means of a huge hook and rope, were gradually drawn on shore; and just as the morning's light fell over Trevegar and the sea, the shingle beneath the Dead Man's Point was covered with small kegs, held together by an infinite number of cords.

These were the kegs of brandy which the smuggler friends of Prince Charles Edward had thrown overboard and towed from the ship before they came to the relief of their officers!

Meanwhile, we must leave Hugh Hatterick and his desperate friends, and return to Henry Heathersley. Having observed his father's movements, and convinced himself that Sir Digby would not return to the place from which he had so recently rescued him, he sped away by a nearer route, and arrived at Heathersley Grange before the baronet, weak and faint as he was, could reach it.

Stifling the natural instinct which would have made him remain up to assist and comfort his father in his pain, he retired to his room and waited.

He had no wish that Sir Digby should have any suspicion of his knowledge of the conspiracy or the terrible scene on the cliff.

He had, in fact, a double duty to perform—to watch and save his father from the desperate peril he was in, and to endeavor also to place himself in such a position that he could claim Violet, in spite of all, as his wife.

He heard his father enter and walk slowly and painfully to his room. He heard the house closed for the night, and the servants retire, one by one, to their beds.

He was now about to follow their example and retire to rest also, when a tapping was heard at his window.

Thinking at first that it might only be the moving of the heavy leaves of the ivy, which clambered up the sides of the house and densely overhung his window, he at first took no notice of the sound, but presently the summons was repeated more loudly than before, and a dark shadow showed upon the blind.

Springing out of his chair, Henry at once rushed to the window and glanced out.

The darkness was so intense, however, that he could see nothing; and after a moment's delay he opened the casement wide.

As he did so, he caught sight of the form of a man, who at once sprang into the room.

CHAPTER VI.

MOONLIGHT AMONG THE GRAVES.

The stranger who so unceremoniously introduced himself into Henry Heathersley's bed-chamber was not more than two or three and twenty years of age, and was dressed in the same kind of costume as that worn by the officer who had held the conference beneath the cliffs with Sir Digby.

"What is your pleasure, sir?" asked Henry, glancing at his visitor in great surprise, and some suspicion.

"I believe I am in the house of Sir Digby Heathersley?"

"You are, sir."

"I am a friend of his—he knows me well, that is to say," returned the other, nervously closing the window; "I have just escaped from some ruffians who attacked me on the cliff and followed me to this house. I crave protection till the morning."

Under other circumstances Henry would certainly have been inclined to arouse his father and inform him of the visit of the stranger, but knowing from his dress that he was one of the French officers, and that he must have been for some unaccountable reason left behind by his companions, he said:

"You are welcome to my bed, sir. In the morning early my father will see you."

"Thank you," said the young officer, "this chair will do. We soldiers are not particular in our choice of a couch."

So saying, he wrapped his cloak round him, and soon fell into a heavy slumber.

Under any other circumstances Henry Heathersley would not have been inclined to have yielded to slumber while an utter stranger was in his room. He felt assured, however, that in this case there was no danger.

There was no doubt in his mind that the young officer was one of the conspirators, and that he had been separated from his companions in the strife.

After awhile, therefore, he threw himself upon his couch, where he slept soundly till the bright rays of the morning's sun broke upon his face. The young officer was already awake, and seated by the window.

"You sleep well, my friend," he said, as Henry arose. "I have dreamed all night of robbers and assassins, and have had but little rest."

"Let us hope your dreams have not spoiled your appetite," said Henry; "in a few moments you shall see my father, and join us at breakfast."

Sir Digby Heathersley turned very pale when his son entered the room with his unexpected guest, and explained the mode and reason of his coming.

A slight glance of recognition passed between him and the stranger, and then the baronet, brightening up as it were from a sudden inward thought, said—

"This is an old friend of mine, Captain Hubert Rivasole, of the French army. I fancy you will become excellent companions. You will stay with us awhile, I trust, captain?"

"It will afford me great pleasure," said Rivasole, bowing.

"That is right. I expect my niece and my brother-in-law to-day or to-morrow, and I am sure you will be a great addition to our party. You are fond of shooting?"

"Passionately."

"Then, Henry, my son here, will be able to indulge you, although I must confess our Cornish lands are rough ones for sportsmen."

"Aye, and full of rough people it seems," said the captain; "from what I saw last night of your people, I should not say much for their hospitality."

"No, truly; but you must not take them as a specimen of Englishmen. Come, let us sit down to breakfast, and see whether the night's work has spoiled your appetite."

During the afternoon of that day the young French officer—having doffed his uniform and put on some of Henry's clothes, for comfort, as he said, but in reality, of course, as a disguise—visited some of the noted spots near the old town of Trevegar.

On the subject of the night's dark work he was extremely reticent, avoiding it altogether if he found it practicable, and when speaking of it, passing as quickly as possible to other themes.

He was a pleasant, handsome, free-hearted fellow, however, and when evening came, and they returned to Heathersley Grange, Henry felt that he had secured a new friend in his mysterious visitant.

Before twilight set in, Henry made an excuse to his new companion, and took his way towards the house of the Harbor-master. After the proceedings of the night before, he was anxious to know how it fared with Violet; and he was determined, moreover, to reveal to Douglas Armstrong the secret of his love, and to claim the right of a betrothed lover to save her from the pestilent attentions and brutal threats of Hugh Hatterick.

Little did he imagine how completely Douglas Armstrong was in the power of the very ruffian from whom he desired to save the one he loved more than life itself.

On approaching the dwelling of the Harbor-master, he saw Mr. Armstrong leaning against the porch, and Tom and Violet beside him.

She ran forward gladly to meet her lover, who now saw, as he approached nearer, that Armstrong was deadly pale, and laboring, apparently, under the influence of a terrible sorrow.

"Good-evening, Mr. Armstrong," he said, advancing and speaking respectfully. "I am sorry to see you looking so ill. What is the matter?"

The Harbor-master essayed to speak, but his voice failed him.

"We expected my brother Robert home yesterday," said Violet, "in fact, we had a letter from him, saying that he would be here, and he has not arrived. My mother has some dreadful presentiment that he has been lost in that terrible storm of the day before yesterday. When my father heard her speak thus, he was so overwhelmed with grief that he quitted the room. He was very fond of Robert, as you know."

"Ah!" cried the Harbor-master, bitterly, "he was my first-born, and I loved him well. Oh! Robert—my son, my son!"

As he spoke, he put his hands up to his head, and burst into loud sobs.

"You grieve too soon; you sorrow before you have cause," said Heathersley, soothingly. "In such windy weather as we have had of late, ships might be detained for weeks. Robert, depend upon it, will return yet."

The Harbor-master glanced up a moment, and gazed at him with a glassy kind of glare. Then he hid his face in his hands, and said in a hollow voice—

"Return—no, no, Master Heathersley, Robert will return no more."

"Calm yourself, father," said Tom, as he laid his hand kindly on his father's shoulder. "You will soon once more see me and Robert passing along the lane as we used to do when boys at school, with our arms round each other's waists. You remember, Henry," he added, "what fine games of cricket we used to have out there on the cliffs. You and I and Robert and our schoolmates. Oh! I wish he were here now. I should be so delighted to see his dear old face—"

The Harbor-master interrupted him. Every word he spoke went like a keen-edged dagger to his heart.

"Stop, Tom," he cried, looking up with eyes in whose depths was a look of inexpressible agony. "Stop, Tom, I can't bear it. Recollect that I am his father, and—and—"

He could say no more; he was helpless in his grief. For how to his children could he tell why he knew that Robert, his son, would never come back again?

Breaking down in his speech then, he sat down upon the seat beneath the porch.

Henry Heathersley, who had gazed on this scene in astonishment, and a kind of suspicion of something mysterious, approached him now, saying,

"Mr. Armstrong, I came to speak to you of Violet; can I change the theme now, and beg of you for awhile to listen to me?"

The Harbor-master roused himself, took a deep breath, wiped his eyes, and seized Henry Heathersley by the hand.

"You are a good fellow," he said, "and I am proud to see you friendly with my children. What is it you want?"

"That is a straight-forward question, sir," exclaimed Henry, as a deeper color suffused his cheek, "and I will answer it in the same manner. What I wish to ask you for is your daughter Violet."

"Fresh sorrow—fresh, miserable sorrow!" muttered the Harbor-master. "What shall I answer? What can I answer?"

At length he said, in a voice which trembled sorely,

"Mr. Heathersley, there is no one to whom I would rather see my child married than yourself—that is to say, under other circumstances; but it is—it is now impossible."

"Impossible!" repeated Henry, starting back.

"Aye, it is, indeed; do not question me further; but it is so."

"I must, sir," cried Henry, impetuously; "I must question you further. I love your daughter better than life itself. I am the heir of Heathersley, and can place her in her right place as lady of the manor. She loves me, we are both young, what can prevent our marriage?"

"A previous compact," said the Harbor-master, bringing out his words laboriously, and avoiding his daughter's gaze. "She is promised to another!"

"Just Heaven! to another! And to whom?"

"To Hugh Hatterick."

"To Hugh Hatterick!" gasped Violet, as she sank upon a seat in the porch opposite her father. "Never, never will I be the wife of that man. I would sooner beg on my knees round the world, or wander forever in utter darkness and despair, than mate with such a villain and a reprobate. And you, father, you—who know him—how can you say this thing—this terrible thing? I should die,

father, die a wretched death, did you force me to wed with him, and you would have it on your soul that you were the murderer of your own child!"

"Oh, God, the murderer of my own child!" said Douglas Armstrong, with pallid lips, as he started up and pressed his hand again to his aching brow, "oh! say not that, Violet—not that! No, no, we must wait. We must concert some plan."

A low, chuckling laugh stopped him, and as the group turned, they saw the dark-featured wrecker leaning on the garden gate, smoking his black pipe.

"You'll have to invent a good plan to thwart Hugh Hatterick," he said, as he rose, swung the gate open and entered; "he's keeping a pretty good look out, *I* can tell you, and he happens to arrive just at the nick of time. As for you, Mr. Heathersley, I've told you once that Violet is to be my wife—and so she shall be, by the living God, or she shall never be the wife of man."

He made a movement as if to approach her as she clung to Henry for protection, but her lover stood fiercely before her.

"Stand back, Hugh Hatterick," he cried, threateningly, "while I'm near, at any rate, you shall not approach her. Coward, villain, to triumph over a young girl, and place her in terror by your bullying words and swaggering gait."

"Come, come, better language here," shouted the wrecker, drawing his long knife and advancing a step closer.

The Harbor-master sprang forward and stepped between them.

"Stay, stay!" he cried, "no fighting here. He is young and impetuous, and besides—"

He whispered a few words in the ear of Hugh Hatterick, who at once sheathed his knife and burst into a loud laugh.

"You're right, you're right," he said. "I'll let him alone. Mark me, Master Heathersley there'll be an hour of reckoning yet between us. There. I'll leave you, but have a care of your tongue unless you want me to cut it off for you to stay your babbling."

So saying, he turned and entered the house, while Henry Heathersley, who had half drawn his sword, was hardly restrained from dashing after him.

"For my sake, for my mother's sake, forbear," cried Violet, as she held him in the gentle bondage of her soft arms; "another time will come for vengeance. You see he holds my father in his power. We must wait. Let our motto, dear Henry, be patience and love."

With these words she drew him away to another portion of the grounds.

* * * * *

White and ghostly fell the moonlight on Trevegar churchyard as Henry Heathersley took his way through it that night on his way home to Heathersley house.

Very slowly paced the young lover along the grass-grown path overhung by spectral, leafless branches, that cast their weird trellis work on the ground which lay so chill and heavy on the breasts of the Silent Dead.

Suddenly, as he passed onward, thinking of Violet—thinking of the network of evil which was gradually gathering round him and her—a man sprang out upon him from behind a tomb.

It was Hugh Hatterick!

"Now," cried he, "now, my fine sir, we are alone here, and we can have our reckoning without fear of being disturbed, so seat yourself on yonder tree and listen to me."

CHAPTER VII.

WHICH SHALL IT BE—REVENGE OR MONEY?

Undismayed by the brutal words of Hugh Hatterick, Henry Heathersley kept his ground and gazed calmly in his face.

"We *are* alone," he said, quietly, "and in a strange place of meeting; but unless your wish is to murder me, I do not see that it is any subject for rejoicing."

"Murder is not so much my game as you imagine, Master Heatherdey," said Hugh Hatterick; "but I *am* glad, nevertheless, that we are alone, because I have several things to say to you which I am sure neither of us would care to have said before others."

"Say on, then, and say quickly," said Henry, "for I am in no mood for trifling. Your company is at any time obnoxious to me, and when I am desirous of being alone with my thoughts it is doubly so."

A dark scowl overspread the features of Hugh Hatterick, but he made no reply to Heathersley's insulting words. He was evidently resolved to curb his anger as far as possible, and come to a thorough understanding.

"Look you here, young sir," he said, "I've been one all my life who has had a goodish bit of my own way. I've made up my mind to do a deal of things, and I've generally done them. I'm not one to be put out of my path very easily, and when a pretty girl's in question, you'll find me more difficult to put about than in any other thing. Now, I'm going to talk to you about Violet Armstrong, and I expect you to listen to me like a sensible man."

"I am listening—speak on," said Henry, seating himself on the tomb behind him, "though I warn you you are wasting time. Anything you may tell me, or any threat you may hold out, will have no effect upon me."

"I doubt that," returned Hugh Hatterick, with a sneer. "I doubt that much. Well, I have made up my mind, in the first place, that Violet Armstrong shall be my wife, and she shall be, in spite of the world."

"You are wrong," cried Henry, in a fierce tone of derision. "You will find yourself woefully, bitterly in the wrong. Violet Armstrong is mine, and no power on earth will wrest her from me."

"We shall see," said Hugh Hatterick, "we shall see. In the first place, your father, Sir Digby Heathersley, is involved in a dangerous and seditious plot against King George II. He is an acknowledged friend of the young Pretender—I am one of those who have aided him. Do you know what the penalty is for high treason?"

"Yes, it is death," said Henry. "But if you ruin my father, you destroy also yourself."

The wrecker uttered a chuckling laugh.

"There you are wrong," he said. "Observe and remember the difference in our positions. I am a man who can go anywhere—hide anywhere. I can sail away over the ocean with my lawless companions, and feel no want of home or old associations. I'm a child of the hour, and can live anywhere; so, were I to betray this conspiracy, I could fly at once. It wouldn't require much teaching to enable the authorities to know whether I am right or wrong in my information."

"Well, what then?"

"Your father is placed differently. He has a name to lose—a family to ruin—you, a son, to cast odium and disgrace upon forever. The blow would come swift and sure, and with his death upon the scaffold would end the honor and pretences of the house of Heathersley."

He paused, and glanced at Henry, as if to see how far his bitter words had sped.

"Well," said the baronet's son, "why do you tell me this—why do you betray beforehand your plans of villainy and treachery."

"Because I desire you to know how thoroughly I hold you and yours in my power. I have not yet told you all. I have also a secret—a dark and terrible secret, which I hold as a sword above Douglas Armstrong's head. This secret I shall not disclose to any; but this I know and swear, that if Violet Armstrong becomes not my wife, *her* father and *your* father shall mount the scaffold together!"

"Villain!—Double-dyed villain!" cried Henry. "Would that I could rid the world of such a wretch! By Heaven! it would not be murder to slay such a thing as you are!"

Hugh Hatterick laughed derisively. "Many have threatened me—many have desired my death," said he; "but few have had the courage to brave my anger openly, or the cunning to outwit me. Believe me, Henry Heathersley, it will be best to do as I bid you. Abandon forever all thought of Violet Armstrong. There are many fair and lovely creatures who would be glad to be the bride of a baronet's son. Seek them, forget the past, and meddle not with those whom Fate has destined for *me*."

By a powerful effort, Henry Heathersley restrained himself.

"Is this all you have to say?" he said, in a calm voice.

"Yes; is it not enough?"

"Quite. In fact it is too much to answer now. I will think it all over, and see you again." So saying, he rose, passed by the wrecker, and made slowly towards the gate.

Hugh Hatterick gazed after him with a glance of triumph in his eye. "I have lowered his spirit a little," he muttered, "and taken a good deal of the talk out of him. Violet Armstrong will be my wife, in spite of him, and afterwards I can take my revenge upon this insolent young ruffian for the insults he has put upon me. Ha! he returns. What now?"

Henry Heathersley turned rapidly back from the gate of the churchyard, and once more confronted his enemy.

"Hugh Hatterick," he said. "I have one question to put to you. Will money buy your silence? My father has wealth in abundance. Consent to keep your dread secrets to yourself, and leave Violet Armstrong to the one whom she loves, and abundant wealth shall be yours. Surely money has charms in your eyes, as it has in the eyes of all."

The wrecker laughed. "Money," he said, "has no charms for me. I have plenty of it, and need no man's help. No, no, Mr. Heathersley, think not to bribe me. Violet Armstrong is the prize I am striving for, and she alone will satisfy me. Make yourself easy, therefore, on this point, and recollect that you have for your rival and adviser a stern and desperate man."

So saying, he stalked away before Henry could make further reply.

"Wealth," he said, aloud, as he walked along. "What do *I* care for wealth! He should come to the Dead Man's Cave, and see my treasures, if he fancies that money can tempt me. No, no, I have not watched, and fought, and plundered, that I should become the blind tool of this young gallant."

During the above scene, and during his walk now he fancied that he was quite alone, with the exception of the young heir of Heathersley Grange. He was wrong.

When he had first entered the silent city of the dead, a tall, thin figure had been seated on the grass, near a newly-made grave.

The shadow of Hugh Hatterick's figure had hardly darkened the pavement beneath the gate of the graveyard before this strange form slunk down in the darkness, and remained immovable, watching the wrecker's movements; nor did he quit his place of concealment until he saw Henry Heathersley enter also, and guessed that Hugh Hatterick intended to confront him.

Then he glided among the tombstones, and neared the place where he had seen Hatterick disappear.

He saw the meeting, he heard the conversation, he saw the parting, and when the wrecker passed away over the dark rocks he followed in his wake—crawling—sidling along as it were so quietly and stealthily that Hugh Hatterick never heard the least sound behind him.

It was not so late that no refreshment could be had. So after the cold hours he had spent among the graves, Hugh Hatterick stepped into the bar of the "Three Mariners," to imbibe some hot spirits and water before visiting his treasure.

It was now evident that the figure was upon his track, for while he remained seated in the warm cozy bar, the mysterious being leaned against the rocky wall opposite, and watched.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE SEXTON OF TREVEGAR TELLS HUGH HATTERICK A BIT OF HIS MIND.

When the wrecker had fortified himself with a few stiff glasses of brandy and water, he rose, paid his reckoning, growled good-night to one or two who happened to be present, and throwing open the door, rolled through the cold night air up the steep road towards the summit of the Dead Man's Rock. He was too much under the influence of drink to notice that any one was following him; but even if he had been less so, the stealthy, creeping figure would scarcely have been noticed, as it crawled along among the ferns which grew at the roadside.

At length, after a long walk, Hugh Hatterick stood on the cliff which overlooked the sea, and towered, as I have said before, some four hundred feet above its troubled waters.

To any one in a different condition of mind, the scene would have been one of most attractive beauty. Far away on one side stretched the black downs—far below on the other stretched the dusky sea, its wavelets tinted here and there with a fringe of silver, while all the rest was dark, and solemn, and obscure.

But the wrecker thought not of the beauties of nature. He stood on the summit of the high rock but for a moment, glanced round him to see that no one was in sight, and, not seeing the watcher who cowered down among the ferns, walked boldly towards the clump of trees which shrouded the entrance to the cavern. Descending fearlessly its black and gloomy depths, he soon reached the spot where he had had his interview with the Harbor-master, and here, striking a light, he ignited a torch, which he stuck in a crevice in the rock.

The flaming light of the flambeau threw a red glare over the strange scene, as he lit his black pipe, and sat down upon one of the barrels which stood on its end, amid bales of goods, and sea-chests, and heterogenous bundles and pieces of wreck.

Much of the plunder which the wreckers had obtained from the "Golden Eagle" had been as yet undisposed of, for suspicion was much abroad, and it would have been dangerous immediately after the wreck to have carried away large bales of goods.

Hugh Hatterick, sitting there alone, amid these spoils of the dead, chuckled as he turned the key in the lock of one of the chests. This was his own treasure-box, and was fastened down firmly to the earth on which it stood by strong iron nails.

"Ha! ha!" he chuckled, as he plunged his hand in among gold and jewels, "ha! ha! and Henry Heathersley imagined that Hugh Hatterick could be bought with money. Who knows that I am not as wealthy as he? Who knows that I have not enough to buy Heathersley Grange? I have heard that Sir Digby is in no very flourishing circumstances, and that he has hopes of Henry's marrying a rich heiress. Well, well, let it be so; I will not molest him; I will even forego the vengeance which I have sworn against him. I owe him no grudge, if he will but remove himself from my path." As he spoke he placed a handful of gold in his pocket.

"These shining things do a man good to look at and to handle," cried he, as he once more glanced at the contents of the chest, and re-locked it. "Well, well, I think there's no doubt now that Violet Armstrong will be my wife. I have got both Sir Digby Heathersley and Douglas Armstrong in my power, and when the time comes she will be glad enough to sacrifice herself to save her father and the father of the one she loves."

"If, then, she is so noble-hearted a girl, why persecute her with your attentions?" said a shrill voice near him.

He looked up in astonishment—almost in alarm. Before him stood the tall, lank figure which had followed him from Trevegar churchyard; an old man with long, straggling white hair falling over his narrow shoulders, with small, grey eyes twinkling in the midst of a face whose skin was as parchmenty as that of one risen from a mummy pit.

He looked at Hugh Hatterick with a glance of cunning. He was like a phantom from the other world coming to demand from the wrecker a reckoning of his good and bad deeds.

"What do you want here, old man?" cried Hatterick.

"Old man you call me. Do you forget my name, then?"

"No. I know you well; all know you, Richard Mould, sexton of Trevegar. You are better known than liked; for, as you are well aware, where your clay-stained feet tread, there follows a destroying blight. What want you with me, I ask again, for I like you no better than the rest."

"I come for money," said Mould, seating himself on a cask.

"I have none to give," replied Hugh Hatterick, sullenly. "Have I not told you that a dozen times before?"

"You lie!" cried the old man. "I have been here since you entered. I have seen your treasure, and before I leave this place, I mean to have some of it."

"You," cried Hugh Hatterick, fiercely, "threaten, do you? Beware! we are alone, and the fall from yonder cavern's mouth is a terrible one."

The old sexton laughed. He seemed in no way dismayed by the threats of the wrecker.

"I buried your father, Hugh Hatterick," he cried, "and I'll live to bury you yet. Stand back. I haven't come into the lion's den unarmed. See this long knife? it's what I use in the graveyard to cut the stakes to mark the graves until the new stones are put on them. I'll drive a stake in yours before many years, I'll warrant."

The wrecker was red in the face with anger.

"Provoke me not too far," he cried. "I tell you I will no longer give you money; for the little service you rendered me once, you have been paid again and again. So go, and leave me here in peace."

"Allow me to remind you, Hugh Hatterick," replied Mould, "it is a service whose reward will only cease with your life. Where would you be now were it not for me? Shall I repeat again how you were the eldest brother of the family born out of wedlock? how you kidnapped your brother and sent him away to sea? Do you want me to explain to others how I altered the register for you so that you might claim the property as Edgar Hatterick's lawful son? Shall I tell you that I shall divulge all this if you do not pay me well?"

Hugh Hatterick made a spring forward and caught the old man by the throat.

"Cease your drivelling!" he cried. "I fear you not. I laugh at your threats. Who will believe you? My brother is long since dead. My father and mother lie where all my friends lie—in the vaults of Trevegar church. Who is there to dispute with me my homestead at Compton Hill? Have a care how you play with a dangerous and desperate man. Did I not regard you as a worm, only fit to kick aside out of my path, I would crush the life out of you, and fling your worthless body out of yonder cliff's mouth for the fishes to feed on. As it is, go. Quit this place, and leave my path forever!" As he spoke, he flung the old man from him.

Old Mould fell gasping and trembling in among the bales and the pieces of wreck. It was some minutes before he could recover himself sufficiently to rise, and speak once more. When he did so, he slowly approached the entrance of the cavern.

When he neared it he turned, and once more confronted the wrecker. His eyes were glassy with rage, defiance and revenge.

"Then you refuse to give me what I desire?" said he, slowly.

"I do," replied the wrecker. "I do refuse. I owe you nothing, and will be compelled to pay no more."

The sexton chuckled.

"Ha, ha!" he said. "My prophecy will come true, Hugh Hatterick, mark me. It *shall* come true. Remember, I buried your father, and I'll live to bury you!"

Then with a loud laugh, which re-echoed with ghastly distinctness through the rocky corridor, he sprang away.

Hugh rushed forward as if to follow him, but the sexton was too quick for him, and with a growl of rage, the disappointed wrecker returned to his seat, tried the lock of his treasure-chest, and prepared to quit the cavern once more.

Ere he did so he approached the mouth of the cave, and glanced out over the sea. Far away towards the east did his eye endeavor to penetrate.

But he was disappointed.

The signal he had expected to behold was nowhere to be seen.

"This makes a week now we've waited for that 'Northern Star!'" he said, "and there's ne'er a sign of her yet. I'm beginning to think that there's something wrong, or that Captain Jameson has turned traitor. If he doesn't come, the men will get discontented, and I'll have to run over to Lipscombe Bay with these things myself."

With these words, he returned to the cavern, extinguished the torch, and made his way amid the darkness towards the entrance. There was no need of a lamp or light of any kind to guide him. The place was as familiar to him as his own unworthy name.

Soon, therefore, he emerged into the open air, passed along the dark high-road, and was not long before he reached a small homestead, which stood on Compton Hill, on the outskirts of Trevegar town. Here the door was opened to him by a middle-aged, dark-browed woman, and the wrecker was at home.

CHAPTER IX.

VENGEANCE SLEEPS NO MORE.

Alice Heathcote and her father arrived at Heathersley Grange on the morning after the scene between Hugh Hatterick and Henry in Trevegar church-yard.

She was a beautiful girl—beautiful in more ways than one.

She had a tall, fully-developed figure, a complexion in which the roses and the lilies fought for the mastery, a neck and shoulders which would not have disgraced a much older woman, while her eyes of a deep hazel tint corresponded with the brightness of her nut-brown locks.

She was certainly one with whom any ardent-hearted young fellow might have been excused for falling in love—the more so because her disposition was one which well accorded with her personal appearance.

"Dear cousin, I am so glad to see you again," she said, unaffectedly, as she passed out into the grounds with Henry, soon after their arrival; "you are looking well too, though this wild old Cornish town must be intensely dull to one who has no companion."

"No companion," thought Henry; "what then is Violet Armstrong—the dearest, the sweetest girl in life?"

But he spoke not of her; too well he knew the purpose for which Alice Heathcote had been invited to the Grange, and he feared, naturally enough, that even now she might know it.

"I have just found a companion, Alice, have I not?" he said, with a smile; "but even before you came I had discovered one—a young Frenchman—a handsome, lively, good-hearted fellow; one who I am sure you will at once like.

"I only wish she would fall in love with him," he added, mentally.

"And is he here now?" asked Alice.

"Yes, we shall meet him shortly, I expect. He will be somewhere in the grounds. Ah! see, he is yonder by the lake fishing."

Alice Heathcote leaned indolently upon her cousin's arm, as they strolled up to the side of the lake, by the margin of which Hubert Rivasole, the young French lieutenant, was seated, gazing in the water, intent upon his sport.

"Why, Hubert," cried Henry, clapping him on the shoulder, "you are so engaged in your amusement that you do not hear the approach of your friends. Let me introduce you to my cousin."

The gallant Frenchman sprang to his feet at once on seeing a lady.

One glance—one long glance of wonder from both Rivasole and Miss Heathcote—and then their hands met.

"Hubert!"

"Alice!"

Harry Heathersley gazed at them in pleasurable surprise. "You know each other, then?" he said, enquiringly, as his eyes rested on the blushing cheek of his cousin.

"Yes, yes; I and Miss Heathcote have met before," answered the French officer, quickly; "but at present we do not wish Sir George to know it."

"Hubert says rightly," said Alice; "we met in Paris, once with my father's consent, and afterwards many times without it. You, Henry, I know will keep our secret. Before you we may be old friends; before my father and my uncle, we shall be newly-made acquaintances."

"On my secrecy you may depend," said Henry, with unwonted gayety. "I only hope that your wishes may be thoroughly realized. Let us return at once to the house, that no suspicion may be excited. But tell me, Hubert, will not my uncle remember you?"

"No; he saw me but once; he will not know my face, Time, and the vicissitudes of war have surely changed *me*, while the fleeting months have but rendered more exquisitely beautiful your fair and lovely cousin."

"Flatterer!" cried Alice, "you always were a deceiver. But come, let us follow cousin Harry's advice, and return to the house, there, in solemn state, to take luncheon as strangers before my father and uncle."

So saying, speaking her words in mock gravity, Alice took Henry's arm, and the three strolled back to the Grange.

With what altered feelings! Alice, on the one part, had discovered the one upon whom her heart was set, and whom she had mourned as lost forever; while on the other, Henry was relieved of all anxiety on the score of being compelled to make desperate love to his cousin.

The arrival of Sir George Heathcote and his daughter at Heathersley Grange, however, prevented for some time the meetings of Henry and Violet.

It was difficult to make an excuse for absence from home now that visitors claimed all attention, and as yet he felt unwilling to reveal to the young French officer the secret of his love for the Harbor-master's daughter.

Many times, when driving by the house of his beloved in his father's carriage, he had seen Violet in the garden or sitting in the little window, and his heart yearned to leave the company he was in and clasp her to his heart. But for her sake and his own he stifled his feelings. He had a stronger reason now than ever for keeping his secret—a hope that all would, by a strange train of circumstances, be led into the right channel in the future.

It was a week before he could once more meet her—a week during which a great change took place in the manner and appearance of Sir Digby—during which he was often closeted with Hubert Rivasole, and during which, too, he made many and mysterious visits to some part of the coast, distant a mile or two from the Grange.

It was evening time when Henry left the Grange—a quiet, lovely evening. Eagerly he quitted the chamber which he had sought under plea of ill-health, and made his way through the wooded grounds towards the cliffs where he had appointed to meet Violet. Long before he reached the spot he saw her delicate form standing out, statue-like, against the sky, while her brother, Tom, was near her, evidently speaking earnestly of something.

"Dear Violet, cried Harry, as he ran up eagerly; "oh! what an age it seems since I have seen you. But what is the matter, Tom, you look somewhat scared?"

"I don't feel first-rate, I *must* say," replied Tom, "for as we came up here, I fancied I saw Hugh Hatterick."

"Fancied," exclaimed Henry, laughingly, as he drew Violet's arm into his; "why, I should think the burly form of that ruffian, Hatterick, might be known for certain anywhere."

"Yes, indeed, but he seems lurking about here for no good. He hid himself behind the rocks when he saw me, and is evidently on the look-out for some one. With this warning, I must leave you," added Tom, "for I have to go upon particular business for my father into the town, and Violet is supposed to be going with me."

With these words, he waved his hand, and passed rapidly away from the lovers, who, nothing loth to be alone, wandered away along the rocks, with the bare and chilled landscape stretching away in gentle undulations on one side of them, and on the other, the boundless sea, lapping and rustling over the shingle beneath the chalk cliffs.

"I have seen you pass often," said Violet, "with your cousin in the carriage. You scarcely vouchsafed a look to poor me. Ah! well, I suppose my poor simplicity cannot hold its own against the pride and grandeur of the town."

"Never fear, Violet," cried Henry, "I have welcome news for you."

"What is that! Are you going to be married out of my way?" said the young girl, laughing genially.

"Nay, Violet, I am serious," replied Henry Heathersley; "you know how I dreaded the visit of my uncle, Sir George Heathcote, and my cousin, Alice?"

"Yes. You were afraid of her charms."

"In one way. Well, you know, also, that my father has made up his mind to a match between me and Alice; in fact, he sees no other means of extricating himself from the difficulties in which he has unfortunately involved himself. Of course he represented Alice to me as young, charming, and with a heart entirely disengaged. She is young and charming, but she has another claim to loveliness in my eyes."

"And what is that?"

"She is in love with and engaged to another."

"She has told you this?"

"Accident has discovered it to me," replied her lover. "So now, dearest Violet, one grave obstacle is removed from our path. There remains but one, a formidable one, truly, and that is Hugh Hatterick."

Little did he imagine that when he breathed that name the one he hated was so near him. The lovers had halted on the edge of the precipitous cliffs, and Henry Heathersley had passed his arm round Violet's waist, and was looking smilingly down into her bright eyes. It was thus that Hugh Hatterick saw them as he rose from behind a clump of rugged boulders.

"Ten thousand furies!" he cried, as he clutched his pistol, "can I stand this?"

"Ah! he must and *shall* be got rid of," exclaimed Violet; "be under no fear as regards him and me. Sooner than be *his* wife I would fling myself from this cliff; and oh! Henry, I know well that you would rather gaze upon me, crushed and dead upon the shingle, than as the wife of such a wretch as *he!* I swear, Henry, I will never be Hugh Hatterick's wife."

"Dearest Violet!"

Their lips met. Only for an instant. The next moment there was a flash and a report, and with a loud cry of pain, Henry Heathersley fell back upon the chalk cliff.

For a second Violet Armstrong could not realize her situation, for when she gazed around, no one was to be seen; but after a moment, she flung herself by the side of her pale and speechless lover, and wrung her hands in agony.

"Oh, merciful God! Send help to me—send help to me!" she cried. "He will die, and there will be none to save him. Oh, Heaven! Can no one hear me? Help, help, help!"

But the echoes went ringing along the cliff-side, and no answer came.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

OVERLAND. A Novel. By J. W. DE FOREST, Author of "Kate Beaumont," "Miss Ravenel's Conversion," etc. Published by Sheldon & Co., New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada.

LADY JUDITH. A Tale of Two Continents. By JUSTIN MCCARTHY, Author of "My Enemy's Daughter." Published by Sheldon & Co., New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada.

HOWARD'S BOOK OF DRAWING-ROOM THEATRICALS. A Collection of Short and Amusing Plays, specially adapted for private performances, with practical instructions for their preparation and management. Edited by CLARENCE J. HOWARD, Author of "Howard's Book of Conundrums." Published by Dick & Fitzgerald, New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada.

BARBER'S AMERICAN BOOK OF READY-MADE SPEECHES. Presentation Speeches, Festival Speeches, Addresses of Welcome, etc., and a variety of Toasts and Sentiments for Public and Private Entertainments. By JOSEPH BARBER. Published by Dick and Fitzgerald, New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada.

HOW TO WRITE A COMPOSITION. Containing Original Skeleton Compositions on a great variety of Subjects. By J. A. FROST, Author of "Frost's Dialogues for Young Folks," etc. Published by Dick & Fitzgerald, New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada.

THE ADVENTURES OF A BACHELOR BUTTERFLY. Illustrated by 200 Comic Drawings. Published by Dick & Fitzgerald, New York; and also for sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, Philada.

FANCHON THE CRICKET. By GEORGE SAND. Published by T. B. Peterson & Bros., Philada.

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE for November contains "Scrambles Among the Alps," "A Branch of Lilac," "Corn, Cotton and Currency," "A California Seaside," etc. Published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philada.

OLD AND NEW for November contains "The Modern English Novel," "Works and Days," "Morning and Evening Songs," and other good essays and poems, stories, etc. Published by Roberts Brothers, Boston.

SCRIBNER'S MONTHLY for November. This number contains "From Sea to Sea," a new poem by Joaquin Miller, "Thirty Seven Days of Peril," "The Right not to Vote," "Halloween; or, Chrissie's Fate," "Albatross," etc., etc. Published by Scribner & Co., New York.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY for November, contains "Tennyson and Theocritus," "A Thanksgiving," "California Saved," "Their Wedding Journey," etc. Published by Jas. R. Osgood & Co., Boston.

The World's Sympathy with Chicago.

Never was the poet's line,

"One touch of nature makes the whole world kin,"

made truer than by this gigantic, sudden and incalculable calamity.

It is not in vain that Divine Providence permits such sublime ruin to fall upon the fairest and most conspicuous centres of life and enterprise, or suddenly shrouds such shining marks of the world's pride and hope in darkness and death. So, only, can whole nations, nay, the civilized world, be made to realize, in the midst of their self-seeking preoccupations, their common humanity; to share their goods and their hearts, and unite at once in the most generous sacrifices of selfish interests and feelings, in behalf of a deeply afflicted fellow-member in the body of our humanity. More beautiful than her streets and palaces, her granaries and her stores, her bright prosperity and her cloudless hopes, the prayers and sympathies and gifts and consolations that clothe Chicago to-day with the yearning tenderness of the human race. She becomes the Mecca toward which millions of reverent and bleeding hearts are bowing and stretching out their helpful hands.

Whenever before in the history of society was a resolution such as passed in a meeting of the bankers of Chicago, 11th of October, two days only after the disaster, possible—a resolution that depends on the new conditions of society; on the ubiquity of a common knowledge of all important events; on the simultaneousness of our telegraphic existence; on the miraculous facilities of our modern locomotion; and, more than all, on the membership one of another which this has brought about among nations and the race. I read it, as you must have done, almost divided between smiles and tears—its pathetic humor, its splendid exaggeration so nearly become fact. What ten years ago would have been only glowing rhetoric is actual history. Thus it runs:

"Resolved, That the overwhelming generosity of the world fills our eyes with tears; our hearts are too full to express the gratitude that wells in the bosom of every inhabitant. We can only say, 'God bless the noble-hearted people of the world and spare them from such a calamity.'"

When before was the whole world thanked by an afflicted people for its sympathy and aid eight and forty hours after a city was burned? When before was this wicked human race addressed in sincerity as "the noble-hearted people of the world?"

With what a music is the air filled, as the telegraph, winged with messages of love, whispers the loaded sympathy of a thousand cities in her bewildered ear! Behold the groaning trains that enter at lightning speed her still smoking streets to deposit the products of a nation's love and care at the feet of its homeless people. See a million hands in all parts of the world ransacking the relics of their indigence, or the stores of their superfluity, to cover her naked back or feed her famished lips. When was Chicago so much to be felicitated as when her name ceases to be that only of envied prosperity, or jealous rivalry, or superhuman energy, or gigantic promise, and becomes a name for all human kindness and gentle sympathy to rally around, and expand themselves upon, in boundless and self-forgetting generosity.—*H. W. Bellows.*

"TICKETS, GENTLEMEN!"—A good story is told of a popular railroad conductor recently chosen deacon of a church in Middlesex county. A few Sundays after his new appointment it became his duty to assist in taking up a collection. He surprised the congregation by starting out with the characteristic ejaculation, "Tickets, gentlemen!" The contribution that day was unusually large.

☞ A Capital Letter—One containing a remittance.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

☞ A Hartforder advised a slender friend to chalk his head and go to a masquerade as a billiard cue.

☞ A number of women are said to have been made insane by the Chicago conflagration.

☞ A Terre Haute girl thinks it about time some young fellow proposed, as she has been bridesmaid eight times, and has been tantalized enough.

☞ The Hartford Post cheerfully remarks: "The frisky flea, the grain-niverous grasshopper, the musical mosquito, and the fugacious fly, are leaving for their winter haunt.

☞ Many ladies have ruined the shape of their ears by wearing heavy massive earrings, which not only spoil the shape of the ear by elongating it, but also produce headache and pains in the face.

☞ Severe snowstorms are prevalent on the line of the Union Pacific Railroad.

☞ A Galena girl has no feet, and yet is said to dance divinely.

☞ A railroad tunnel under the water of the Bosphorus is to be constructed, which will connect Constantinople with the opposite Asiatic coast.

☞ "You never saw such a happy lot of people as we had yesterday," said a landlady in Indiana to a newly arrived guest; "there were thirteen couple of them." "What, thirteen couples just married?" "Oh, no, no, sir; thirteen couples just divorced."

☞ Since the introduction of the gallows in Japan, hanging has become the most popular amusement there.

☞ One of our exchanges praises an egg, which it says, "was laid on our table by the Rev. Mr. Smith." Mr. Smith seems to be a *lay*-man as well as a minister.

☞ Many fashionable women are said to stand in great dread of offending their "maids," who, if turned away, may disclose the secrets of their toilettes to some rival, who may profit by it.

☞ A Flushing girl dressed herself in male attire just for the fun of flirting with the other girls.

☞ A clergyman was asked whether the members of his church were united. He replied that they were perfectly united—*frozen together.*

☞ The world is like a treadmill which turns incessantly and leaves no choice but to sink or climb.

☞ An Indiana groom kissed the bride so loudly as to extort a round of applause from the assembled audience at the wedding.

☞ A young lady translates the C. O. D. on express packages into Call on Dad.

☞ Many young ladies wear their engagement ring in their pockets, and only take them out and wear them when the beloved object is in sight.

☞ A negro boy of eight, has a picture primer to teach him his letters. One of the pictures is that of a bull chasing a boy, which the little darkey watches from day to day, gleefully exclaiming: "He hasn't cotch'd him yet."

☞ The ingenuity of the Iowa youth is illustrated in the person of Mark Ward, aged fourteen, residing at Anamosa, who has constructed a sewing-machine with a jacknife, from pine boards and wires, that makes perfect stitches.

☞ A doctor's wife once attempted to move her husband by tears. "Ann," said he, "tears are useless. I have analyzed them. They contain a little phosphate of lime, some chlorate of sodium, and water, and that is all."

☞ Josh Billings in his directions "How to pick out a good Hoss," says—"Good horses are skarse, and good men, that deal in enny kind of horses, are skarser. 'An honest man is the noblest work ov God;' this famous saying was written, in grate anguish of heart, by the late Alexander Pope, just after buying a good family hoss."

☞ The literary arena is evidently overthronged. The other day a gentleman sent a manuscript to a certain monthly magazine, and received in reply the following note:—"The editor will not be able to glance at your MS. for several years. It is now at my office awaiting your wishes."

☞ A lady elegantly dressed in the "habiliments of woe," was met in the street a few days ago, by an acquaintance who ventured to remark about her being in mourning. "Y-e-e-s," said the bereaved one, mournfully, taking a few steps to trail her dress, and looking over her shoulder at the effect thereof, "I've just lost my husband—don't you think this is a sweet veil? Such a deep hem!" Such resignation in affliction is touching.

☞ Sydney Smith's kind readiness in suggesting mottoes for his friends is well known; for instance, when a noble lady asked for a motto for the collar of her dog Spot, he was so good as to say—"Yes, certainly. Here is one from Shakspeare; 'Out, damned Spot.'"

☞ A cynical writer says, that if a woman knew how much she lost by forever smiling in a man's face, she would quit it altogether. More men are won by a little pretence of quiet sadness than by the sunniest smiles that were ever seen.

☞ The largest shoes made for women in this country go to Utah, and the smallest to Havana.

☞ Farmers sow wheat—Their wives sow tares.

☞ General court—Waiting on half-a-dozen girls at the same time.

☞ A family in this city, embracing three daughters and a son, will have a very unusual occurrence take place shortly. All the daughters and the son are to be married on the same day, and within the same hour, at the same place.

☞ England is short, this year, in hay, hops, and grain. We shall be largely called upon. So some say.

☞ "Boy, why do you take an armful of my shingles on Sunday?" "Why, sir, mother wanted some kindling wood, and I didn't want to split wood on Sunday."

☞ As Cornelius Bloomingdale, one of the oldest inhabitants of Stillwater, New York, was hitching his horse to a post in Albany, a few days since, the animal suddenly sprang back, and by some means Mr. Bloomingdale's thumb was caught in the halter and completely torn off. Amputation had to be resorted to, but death ensued soon after.

☞ "How far shall this excruciating uncertainty go, Adelaide, my beloved?" said a gallant young Romeo to his pretty Juliet, the other evening. "Go? to—father," was the prompt and very satisfactory reply.

☞ The Traveller's Record advises newspaper publishers to increase their circulation by taking a cold bath and rubbing briskly with a coarse towel.

☞ A Memphis paper announces that the young ladies of that city are preparing for married life by practicing in gymnasiums.

☞ DARNING.—On hearing the report that the shocking condition of the firemen's hose had resulted in the destruction of a large amount of property, a woman sat up all night darning her husband's stockings.

☞ Jinks says that wedding-rings ought to be rechristened *suffer*-rings. He has been married five years.

☞ A mamma in the rural districts lately gave her five-year old hopeful an outfit of fish tackle. Soon she heard a shout from Willie, and, running out, found one of her best hens fast winding up the line in her crop, whither the hook had already preceded it. Willie, observing the troubled look of his mother, quietly remarked, "Don't worry, mother; I guess she will stop when she gets to the pole."

ON SILVER WINGS.

BY THE AUTHOR of "Joyce Dormer's Story."

CHAPTER XL.

THE CRISIS.

Captain Stanfield, having installed himself as head nurse, kept his post. He was accustomed to command—unaccustomed to be gainsaid. Everything that he did out of the ordinary way seemed as natural in him as it would have appeared extraordinary in another man.

"My dear madam," he said to Mrs. Carteret, who endeavored to remonstrate with him, "if I had not undertaken this task, you would require a hospital nurse, who, though she might be all very well—for I say nothing against hospital nurses—would certainly not take half the interest in the patient that I do. And as for any fears on my account, I'm fever-proof. I've had fever of all sorts, and got through within an inch of my life. Your son wants watching, madam—watching carefully; and no one will do it as well as I shall. Therefore, unless you decidedly drive me away, I shall not go. I am interested in the case; and as I know about as much of fevers as most doctors, and more than most nurses, you would not surely send me away at the moment when I can be of use, almost of importance, to your son. I will go as soon as over the crisis is at an end, but you will permit me to stay until then?" And the blunt captain's voice became almost feminine in its persuasive gentleness. "Besides," he added, "fever patients are apt to disclose their heart-secrets in their ravings, and Mr. Carteret's words would be with me sacred as those of my own son."

What could Mrs. Carteret say or do? Captain Stanfield had inspired her with such confidence, that she felt to let him go would be at the risk of her son's life. Mrs. Penfold declared that he knew better how to manage Mr. Carteret than the doctor; and Alice, with whom Mrs. Carteret consulted, could give no satisfactory reason as to why he should not remain. Therefore the captain gained his point, and did not go away; and perhaps it was in a great measure owing to his care and assiduity that John Carteret passed the crisis of the disease, and began slowly to show symptoms of recovery.

Then Captain Stanfield relinquished his charge; but not before he had learned much through the sick man's revelations when the fever was at its height.

Bit by bit, scraps of his love story told how deep root it had taken in his heart. Now he pathetically pleaded with Diana that his love had never changed; then he blamed himself for wishing to keep her to an engagement with a poor man like himself; then he indulged in invectives against Jasper Seaton; and then again, reproached himself for the distrust and suspicion he felt of his rival. Everything came out in incoherent shreds; but Captain Stanfield patched them very neatly together, though perhaps there was a slight want of harmony in his arrangement.

"And this is my god-daughter's doing," said the captain to himself—"the heartless little flirt; and she's made a wreck of this gallant barque, that she may float down the tide in a three-decker in full sail, with the world's colors flying at the mast. It's the way of women, I suppose," and he sighed. "It may be wrong in looking out for Charles. He might be served just in the same way by some mercenary doll with a smooth face. I dare say he's better off as he is."

And then Captain Stanfield became reflective, and determined never to see Diana again.

"She was no credit to him. What right had she to get engaged, if she did not know her own mind? Certainly no heart—and with such a voice as she had;" and he remembered how he had listened to her singing. "Just a deluding little syren, luring men upon the rocks, only to leave them there"—he had been enchanted himself in listening to it—"as this poor fellow has been;" and he looked compassionately upon John Carteret, who was tossing uneasily from side to side.

"What can I do for him?" asked the captain, in meditation. "What fools men are in fixing their hearts upon what is not worth having, and letting better things go by"—here his thoughts reverted to Miss Wardlaw.

"This world of love is a world of cross purposes, tangles and intricacies, past man's understanding, and upsets their equilibrium sorely. Perhaps Charles is wise. Mathematics may have done something for him; and he won't go in until he can prove his points, and see his way clearly. I shouldn't like him to be disappointed—for it's vexatious if no worse. Blessed is the man whose love goes on straightforwardly. I don't know what *I* should have done if I hadn't found it plain sailing."

Just then, John Carteret opened his eyes.

"Ah, darling," he said, "you do not know what poverty is. Your Paradise is but a pleasant semblance of it. You will have to wait so long—so long!"

"Oh dear!" ejaculated the captain—"if I had only known about it, I'd have given her a portion. Money, money—what a curse it is."

"Money!" shouted John Carteret, starting up. "I would not take a portion. I could not live on Mr. Seaton's money."

"Quite right, my fine fellow," said Captain Stanfield—forgetting, in his excitement, John Carteret's situation. "Give us your hand." Then suddenly remembering—"Ah, I forgot, the man's not in his senses. Well, well, the sentiment is there, or it wouldn't come out; and it does him credit."

He smoothed the pillow, and laid John Carteret's head back as tenderly as any woman could have done.

"If things had only gone straight, as they ought to have done, this little difficulty could have been managed. There's many a rising man lost for want of a helping hand in his struggles."

Little did the honest Captain imagine how much concerned he was in the catastrophe that had been brought about—how that, through his honest credulity, he had helped to part two hearts still so faithful to one another; else would his remorse have been greater than he could well have borne.

Meanwhile, Charles Stanfield was also receiving new lights. The present position of things caused him to be thrown much with Miss Carteret; and his interest in guns and machinery generally became so absorbing as to require him to remain at Marchington until his father should see fit to resign his patient.

As he and Alice Carteret became better acquainted, their conversation naturally turned upon Linthorp, and matters connected with it; and from Linthorp the transition was easy to Broadmead; and Alice was curious enough to hear Charles Stanfield's impression of the girl who had awakened so strong an interest in her quiet brother's heart.

Charles Stanfield, being of a mathematical and argumentative turn of mind, had arranged his gleanings and new insights with much more precision than his father had done; and, as Alice casually gave the date of the breaking off of her brother's engagement Charles Stanfield at once perceived that, at the time of his own love episode, Diana must have alluded to her engagement to John Carteret, and not, as he had supposed, to Jasper Seaton.

And she had done so with an intimation that the fact was generally known—or, at any rate, very generally surmised; and he could not help feeling that there had been some mistake somewhere—for lights and shadows were springing up so transversely, as to distort and disturb one another's natural effects.

And then flashed suddenly and even painfully upon him, though he scarcely defined why, his father's comments upon John Carteret the night of Miss Pyecroft's party. Still, that Diana Ellis was now engaged to Jasper Seaton was an undeniable fact—since he had heard it positively from Dr. Crawford only a week or two ago. Indeed, the very time of the marriage was spoken of; therefore it was a matter placed beyond doubt. How it had all happened would remain forever a mystery—as so much else that happens on earth will have to do, until the final time for the revealing of the mysteries shall bring all hidden things to light.

Meanwhile, Charles Stanfield was growing more and more interested in the acquaintances that chance—to use the world's phraseology—had so strangely thrown in his way; though why one incident or accident of life should be more the effect of chance than another he did not pause to consider.

"It might have been planned," he said to himself at a subsequent period—as did also Alice Carteret; and to neither of them did it ever occur that it was possible for the "might have been" to be changed, without impropriety, to a less doubtful tense of the verb.

However, this is forestalling events, since the consummation hinted at did not arrive at present. All immediate danger being past, and John Carteret awaking to a state of sanity, though much reduced, and with no promise of being himself for some weeks, Captain Stanfield was obliged reluctantly to give up his post, and he and his son returned to London. Yet, perhaps, before they parted, a knowledge of what the end of their acquaintance might be, had come to both Charles Stanfield and Miss Carteret.

Captain Stanfield, feeling that he had involved himself in bewilderments lately, deemed it wise to hold his peace; therefore he forbore making either comments or inquiries, and consoled himself with auguring favorably from the earnestness with which his son, on parting from Alice Carteret, expressed a hope that they might meet again shortly in town; "where," said Charles Stanfield, much to his father's amazement, "we are to remain for some months."

"I thought you were going abroad, Charles," said Captain Stanfield, after having meditated during two-thirds of the journey home.

"I had some idea of the sort, but it is not so necessary now I have been to Marchington."

"Oh! You scarcely expected such results from your visit?"

"No."

"Oh!" said the captain. "Did you think well of the guns, Charles?"

"I was much interested."

"Ah!—I had other things to think of."

"Whilst I," returned Charles Stanfield, with a touch of casuistry, "had my time unoccupied."

The captain looked furtively at his son.

"There isn't anthing, or he would tell me. Perhaps it's as well there shouldn't be. Yet I should like to do the best for Charles," or for Charles to do the best he can for himself." Then he said aloud—"Charles!"

"Yes, father."

"I suppose we must call on these Carterets when they return to town?"

"Yes—I suppose it will be only civil."

"Only civil!" Perhaps Charles Stanfield's taste for strategy was enabling him to keep well on his guard.

CHAPTER XLI.

THE LEGACY.

Jasper Seaton had gone to hasten preparations at the house he had taken in Cornwall. In another month he should be safe from all fear of changeableness on the part of Diana, or of any untoward circumstance occurring to prevent the carrying out of his plans.

He had been patient and persevering; and though his chance of success had been but small at the beginning, yet his indomitable will had carried him on upon an alternating tide of hope and discouragement, and one by one he saw each obstacle give way before him; and time, the ally in whom he had placed such confidence, had steadily befriended him. Now, as he looked over the wild sea, tossing and raging at his feet, he felt as exuberant in spirit, as triumphant, as guiltless of remorse, as the most reckless, unscrupulous Viking who had ever carried with a pitiless hand all before him.

And how had he accomplished it? "Not by destroying, but by upbuilding." So he said. "Not by devising, but by taking advantage of all that had already happened; not by compelling circumstances, but by allowing circumstances to compel him." He had waited patiently, enduringly, despairingly, some times; but the end had come, and he was rewarded.

And the seething waters scattering their liquid crystals upon the rocks, and loading the seaweed on the beech with sudden pearls—roaming, sparkling, foaming—made a music that sounded grateful to his ear, for in them he recognized how that discordant elements could be subdued into one great purpose—how the discordant voices that seemed to shriek aloud, were rolled into one mighty crash of sound as the giant billows heaved over. Grand, monotonous, wild, discordant blending into one surging harmony. Over and over, swelling, striving, struggling, never resting, never tiring, never ending. Perhaps a type of the spirit in its eternity. Uprose the wind, and shrieked its answer back; and still the cry he heard was victory. Perhaps the spirits waked that slept around Tintagel, grown weary with the long night, and wailing for the morn that should usher in the enchanted monarch's return to his forsaken kingdom.

Jasper Seaton folded his arms, and gazed out over the sea; and the white sails coming up in the distance, and swelling fuller and fuller, as, like great fluttering birds, they drew nigher to the haven, seemed to be emblems of his success; and he laughed aloud—a wild, exultant laugh, an outburst of the stifled heart that had so long beaten in subdued throbs beneath his despotic will. There was none near in that great solitude, else might it have been thought that Jasper Seaton was somewhat crazed. Only the seagulls heard him as they swept hither and thither, and the startled echoes answered him back.

Now, whilst Jasper Seaton was thus exulting in the success of his plans—or, rather, in the success of his patience—Diana was wearily straying through the Manor House, visiting, as it seemed to her, the old haunts for the last time; taking leave of the past altogether, and preparing herself to begin a new life, which should have no remnant of the older one linked to it—a complete wrench that should separate her forever from her lost *Paradiso*, whose gates were closed upon her, and whose memory even she must try to blot out; and she must look for happiness to a Paradise regained—or rather, to be regained, if that were possible.

She had wandered up to her old rooms at the top of the house, and had sat down on one of the shabby chairs still left there, rocking herself uneasily backwards and forwards, and reading the story of Persephone over again upon the faded tapestry; drawing, at the same time, a fanciful parallel to her own case. She had lost her Orpheus. He had vanished to the higher regions, whither she had looked forward to winging her flight with him. He looked upon her, and then he had left her in *Purgatorio*.

She walked to the window. She looked over towards the Marshwood beeches, stripped of their leaves, and forming a mass of brown against the western sky; and even as she gazed, the gray clouds cleared away, and showed the setting sun; and so she stood, to watch it once again, and think of the words that she and John Carteret had spoken to one another, time after time, when they had watched it together. Lower and lower it dropped, turning the sky beneath it brighter and brighter, until the branches of the brown trees turned into a delicate tracery over the glowing yellow; then all at once they seemed on fire, and all their boughs to vanish in the great blaze of the sun, ere it finally sank below the horizon. She knew now that she liked the sunset best; it ended in quiet, in peace, in darkness.

Only a few weeks more of her old life, and then another—a fresh one in which all her interests would have to be turned into another channel. Jasper was very kind, very good; he had helped her through these two long years, and had been very tender and considerate. And now she knew that it was his love for her that had wrought the great change in his character; and it was a consolation to her to feel that she could do good to some one, and that she was fulfilling the last wishes of one who had first roused her to a want of something higher than the everyday life.

Thus she mused, and she turned from the window, and wandered down-stairs, flitting hither and thither in the gloom, until at last she found herself in Jasper's study. No one would disturb her there; and it seemed as if it belonged to her, for all that was Jasper's would be hers soon.

The papers on the table were in some confusion; for Jasper had been clearing out, and had strewn them over his desk and in the waste-paper basket. Yet no one dreamed of disturbing them in their confusion, since he had given no orders for their removal. Even Diana would not have thought of destroying them.

She sat down; and leaning her head back, closed her eyes, and fell into a memory dream. Here, in this very room, had John Carteret refused the dower that Jasper had offered to settle upon her—the beginning, as she now saw, of that desertion that was consummated at Linthorp. And yet she could not have thought that John Carteret would care for riches. As she sat meditating, the servant went round lighting the lamps, one of which happened to be exactly opposite the door of Jasper's study; and the man coming in to close the shutters, seeing Diana, asked if she wished a light there.

"Yes, she would have one"—for it suddenly occurred to her that she could suggest no reason for sitting there in the dark, and she could put it out as soon as the servant had retired.

She was about to do so after he had gone away; but as her hand was stretched out for the purpose, she drew it back, for her eye fell upon an envelope with her name, in Jasper's handwriting, written upon it. It was lying amongst the scattered papers; and he must have left it by accident, intending to give it to her before he went away. Only "Diana"—nothing more. What an odd chance that she should have found it so many days after his departure, when he had evidently forgotten it, as no allusion to it had been made in any of the letters she had received from him.

Instead, therefore, of extinguishing the lamp, she drew it nearer to her, and sat down to examine the contents of the letter. Some new proof, she supposed, of Jasper's kindness; and yet it brought no thrill of pleasure to her heart. It was certainly a satisfaction to her to think how necessary she was to Jasper's happiness. She was glad of that—and yet she sighed as she slowly unfolded the paper.

But, once unfolded, her apathy was gone. She sprang up, giving a half-suppressed cry—it might be pleasure, it might be suprise, it might almost be of terror—and for a moment she doubted if she had read the words aright. Her fingers trembled so that she could scarcely hold the paper; her lips quivered with something of the old passionate quiver, and her agitation prevented her for some moments from looking again at the writing.

Only a few lines, in a weak, tremulous hand, but in writing that she could not mistake—Madame de Moulino's.

A request to her brother that, out of her property, a sum sufficient to ensure three hundred a year might be settled on Diana. She felt too ill to meddle with her will again; but she trusted to her brother to see that her wishes were carried out, and she knew that he would see to its execution as faithfully as though it were a legal document.

Yes, she had read aright—it was Anne de Moulino's legacy, making her independent. A thousand thoughts crowded into Diana's mind, and so oppressed her, that for some minutes it seemed to her that she had lost her senses, and could not think at all.

Three hundred a-year.

Precisely what Jasper had offered to settle upon her.

Three hundred a year, which was hers by right—her own money—that was her first thought. Why had not Jasper said so? Why had he not told her of it? What reason could he have for not letting her know of his sister's wish, when it would have been such a comfort to her to know how much she had been thought of, had been cared for.

And then her heart gave a great leap, as though she had been shot, and she held her hand against it to still the pain—for an agonizing thought had entered it, and, wild though it was, she could not still it.

"Perhaps if John Carteret had known that she had had money of her own—her very own—and that there was no need of being indebted to Jasper Seaton, everything might have been different!"

She almost shrieked aloud. She started up—she paced the room. Was one of her old paroxysms coming over her—was she as wicked, as passionate as ever? She forced back the cries that were rising to her lips—she tried to quiet the throbbing of her heart. Instinctively she locked the door, and then instinctively unlocked it—for a flash of argument told her that it might appear strange should she be found locked up in Jasper's study. She seemed, in spite of her bewilderment, to have become sensitively alive to commonplaces; therefore, opening the door wide, she extinguished the light—and, with the paper in her hand, fled to her own room. There she should be safe—there she could think.

"John! John!" was the cry in her heart. For perhaps he had suffered, even as she had done. A sense of something wrong, of something incomprehensible, of something false, of something even treacherous somewhere—for Diana was beginning to feel all her old distrust of Jasper Seaton aroused once more, and all her faith in John Carteret's faith and love for her revived. And yet he was going to be married—nay, *was* married by this time.

And was not she also going to be married? And might he not have argued even as she had argued, and have been led step by step as she had been?

"John! John!"

It was a cry of appeal, but it was too late—he could not hear it. Again she started up, the blood raging through her veins, her face white with passion and distress, and her heart maddened with the keen sense of her own powerlessness. The paper that she held in her hand was doubtless the one that Jasper had snatched away from her the night that it had fluttered to her feet.

She was waking up. Why had she been so deluded? Jasper had plotted, had schemed; she was sure of it, she had no doubt of it. Three hundred a-year! Just the sum, and no more, that he would have doled out to John Carteret as his own. Why had she not answered John Carteret's letter herself? Why had she disbelieved? Where was the faith that she had preached to him, had boasted of? What had he thought of her, what did he think now, and would always think of her? For it was too late now to explain—he was married.

And she? No—she was not married yet, and never would be.

"John! John!"

No, it was too late; she must not call upon him now, she must not think of him now. And yet through the night she waked with speaking his name aloud; then fell asleep, to dream of him again.

CHAPTER XLII.

ONE OF THE WORLD'S ACCIDENTS.

John Carteret, slowly recovering from his attack, but wasted to a shadow so slight that one dreaded the worst for him, knew that his chances of long life were but slender. Therefore he had, as it were, been putting his house in order.

Mrs. Carteret had returned to town, and Alice was to follow with her brother as soon as he had gained sufficient strength to be moved.

"He must go south," said the doctors; "it is his only hope of ultimate recovery."

John Carteret smiled when he heard it; it was not the knell to him that it is to so many who hear that they are swiftly journeying heavenward. Earth, with most, has too many opening buds for men to care to leave them are they see the flowers. And so they wish to linger on, although the flowers may disappoint their hopes; for life is sweet, they say in their happiness; and it takes years of clouds and sorrow to find out that there can be anything sweeter. And yet the preachers are forever preaching about the vanities, the weakness, the wickedness, the temptations of the world, and exhorting men to cast off its yoke—to come out of it—to have nothing to do with the unclean thing, and to look to an abiding city; and using a variety of set phrases with regard to its utter hollowness and incompetency to satisfy the immortal instincts of man, which people listen to Sunday after Sunday—paying but little attention—as the utterance of these protests seem a necessary element in sermon-making. And the preachers give nothing in exchange for what they would take away. They do not, like that model parish priest,

"Allure to brighter worlds, and lead the way,"

for, possibly, that is beyond the power of many of them to do; and so men shiver on, shrinking from the future—in one breath acknowledging death to be the portal of Heaven, and in the next devoutly thanking Heaven that they have escaped it! Incongruity of incongruities, as much of religion—so called—is.

John Carteret was differently constituted. He looked forward to a future, of which the present was the opening scene—to a future that was to be the perfecting of all truth begun on earth, of all beauty intensified. He regarded the present as the *Vita Nuova*, whose seed should come to fruition in the Perfect Life, when the veil that hides immortality shall be removed, and death—the healing physician—put an end to all mortal blindness. He had, in fact, arrived at the state of mind in which St. Paul found himself; and there will be but little sound Christianity in the world until the world arrives at the same phase. When will that be? Perhaps it needs a miracle of preaching to accomplish.

John Carteret was slowly regaining a little strength, and he and his sister had spoken to each other as people seldom do in health and prosperity. The shadow of another world seemed lying upon him; and in its shade, his heart had opened to tell his sister much of the past that she had not known. He had spoken to her of Diana Ellis—of his brief time of happiness—and of his unchanged love, that had, despite its disappointment, shed so pure a light upon his life, ennobling and lifting him above all earthly things. If he died, he should like to send her a parting message—such a message as he might have sent had she answered his last letter to her, and he had had the opportunity of writing one more farewell word of love to her. But that had been denied him, through the few cold lines that Jasper had written in answer to his letter. He had always looked forward to a time like this; and he had had his message written long ago—so that, should death overtake him as a thief in the night, yet Diana should know that, even at the last, she was not forgotten by him.

Now he gave the letter that had laid so long in his desk to his sister.

"You will see to it, Alice," he said, "in case anything happens suddenly. I shall feel more satisfied if it is in your hands."

Alice Carteret took the letter.

"She is not worth it, John," she said, almost indignantly.

He laid his thin, white hand upon his sister's shoulder.

"You do not know her, Alice. I lay no blame upon her. She was so young—scarce more than a child. She knew so little of the world. It was I who was wrong. Poor little Di!—I hope she will be happy."

"She does not deserve to be. How could she care for any one else if you loved her, John?"

He smiled gravely.

"Young hearts are changeable, Alice; and she must have waited for years before I could have married; and then, probably, it would but have been to poverty compared with what she was accustomed to. No, better it happened as it has done than that she should have linked her lot with mine, and have repented."

Alice drew nearer to her brother. She felt very bitter against Diana, for she knew how deep was the wound she had made in his heart, though John Carteret passed it over so lightly. Nevertheless, she took the letter he gave her, and wrote the address on it according to his direction; and was proceeding to fasten it, when he stopped her.

"No—I shall want you to add a few lines when you send it."

There was a pause. Neither spoke for some minutes; but each knew what the other was thinking of.

Then John Carteret said—

"There is light beyond. The darkness is here, Alice—not there."

"John," said his sister, after another pause, "you are stronger to-day—I am sure you are. I may tell mamma so, may I not? You will soon be able to be moved home."

"Home!" he repeated, as though he were meditating upon something afar off, and had not altogether understood his sister. "Yes, I do feel a little better to-day. Yes, I shall be glad to get home."

And he laid his head back wearily; whilst Alice, turning away to hide her tears, wrote a few hasty lines to her mother. She put them into an envelope, which she thrust into the pocket of her apron.

"Shall you have time to read to me a little?" asked John Carteret, opening his eyes.

"Oh, yes—wait—I will fetch the book, I left it in my room."

And she sprang up, and, returning with it, sat down to read.

She had been reading for nearly an hour when Mrs. Penfold appeared.

"Have you any letters for the post, miss?"

"Yes," returned Alice, putting her hand into her apron pocket. "Ah! I have left it on my dressing-table—will you look, Mrs. Penfold? And I have no postage stamps. Will you get some for me?"

"Yes, miss."

Mrs. Penfold disappeared, and Alice went on reading.

"Are you not tired, John?" she said at last.

"No—but you must be, Alice; and it is getting dark. How soon the evenings close in. 'The night cometh in which no man can work,'" he murmured, in a lower tone. "'Again I say unto you, Watch.'"

"John!" exclaimed Alice, "you must not say so. You are better to-day. You will never get well if you will take such a dark view of things. You are tired. I have read too long, and you will feel better after tea. I ought to have thought of it."

And she rang the bell.

Then she thought of something else she wanted to tell her mother. Perhaps her letter might not have gone yet.

She was hastening out of the room to see, when Mrs. Penfold met her in the passage.

"Has my letter gone yet?" she asked.

"Yes, miss, Joshua took them to the post an hour ago. I always like Joshua to put them in himself, and then I know that they are safe."

"Ah, then I must write another, if it is not too late."

"Oh dear, no—not for hours yet."

"Then will you let us have some tea as soon as possible?—and then I can write my note afterwards."

"Them!—they!—" she repeated to herself as she went up stairs; and instictively she put her hand in the pocket of her dress, where she had put her brother's letter to Diana. She gave a terrible start—she flew to her room. Could she have taken it out, and left it on her dressing-table? No, it was not there. She went into the sitting-room again, to see if she had dropped it, but it was nowhere to be seen. Then see went to Mrs. Penfold.

"How many letters went to the post, Mrs. Penfold?"

"Two, miss."

"Two!" repeated Alice, in consternation.

"Yes, miss. One for home, and one for—I forget the name of the place."

"Miss Ellis, Broadmead," suggested Alice, in alarm.

"Yes, that was it. I knew there was two of them."

And Mrs. Penfold retired to her kitchen, and busied herself with the tea, leaving Alice in a state bordering on distraction. What had she done? What should she do? How could she have been so careless? She could not tell her brother. In his present weak state, it would agitate him too much; and she could only hope that he might not think of referring to the letter.

She must write a letter of explanation to Miss Ellis, asking her, as the two letters would probably arrive at the same time, if she had not already opened the first, to return it without reading, as it had been sent by mistake. There was just the chance that Diana might read this latter one before the other, as Alice wrote outside, "To be opened first."

"I have another letter for the post, Mrs. Penfold," she said, speaking in as calm and unconcerned a manner as she could command.

But Mrs. Penfold noticed it.

"I hope Mr. Carteret feels no worse, Miss?"

"Oh, no. I think he is better this evening. Will my letter be in time—I mean, in time to go by the same post as the others?"

But Mrs. Penfold was not up in postal arrangements.

"Joshua could have told you, Miss, but I can't."

And Alice was obliged to content herself with hoping, on a very slender chance of success, that her carelessness might be retrieved.

If she could only put back the sun's shadow for two hours, how different everything would be. She went back to her brother, and endeavored to ward off the conversation from any approach to Diana Ellis. In this she succeeded, for John Carteret was too weary to talk much, still less of a subject that interested him so deeply. Only, as he wished her good-night, he said—

"If anything happens, you will remember my wish. There—I do not wish to speak of it again."

And Alice, alone in her bed-room, sat down to consider and to hope; and she felt as though she would like to take the night train, and travel down to Broadmead, if so she could intercept the letter. But that was impossible. She must continue to fear, to hope, to wonder, to despair, until an answer came from Diana Ellis.

Little did John Carteret—thoroughly wearied out, and sleeping peacefully—dream that his letter would reach its destination so much sooner than he had intended.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Many things are wrought by prayer
Than this world dreams of. Wherefore let thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
For what are men better than sheep or goats
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
Both for themselves and those who call them friend?
For so the whole round earth is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.
—*Tennyson.*

☞ In walking boots the high-pointed French heel has given place to the American heel, which is square and much more comfortable. Indeed the French heel was worn with great danger of accident. We hope that the French heel will be forever discarded. The American heel is quite high but very broad, thus conducing greatly to a graceful carriage. Kid is the principal material used. Boots are made of glazed kid or glove kid according as the taste of the wearer or necessity requires.

☞ Sleeping rooms should be thoroughly ventilated, and fresh air introduced previously to retiring.

☞ A learned writer asserts that, after all, energy quite as often drives off disease as brings it on.

☞ THE QUEEN.—About a fortnight ago, when Mr. Disraeli made his famous speech about the condition of Queen Victoria, there was a controversy as to the words he really used. The reporters made the speech read that he said the Queen "was physically incapacitated" from ruling. Mr. Disraeli went much farther than this, and really said that she "was physically and morally incapacitated," and upon being asked afterwards about it, replied that he not only used these words, but did so advisedly.

☞ Of social status in the Pennsylvania oil regions the Titusville Herald says: In the oil regions things work differently. In Franklin a man is judged by the size of his sidewalk. The larger his stone flagging, the higher up in society he moves. At Oil City the question is, how many brick blocks have you? and how much do you love Franklin? At Corry, how much stock do you own in the tub factory? In Meadville, are you in favor of a new county? while at Titusville it is, how much have you invested at West Hickory? In this city everything depends upon the number of bay windows on your house. A man who has not got a bay window somewhere on his premises is not considered as possessing any social status whatever.

☞ A Western Judge is reported to have thus addressed a prisoner before him prior to passing sentence:—"Prisoner at the bar, Providence has given you a good degree of health and strength, instead of which you go about the country stealing ducks."

☞ It is asserted that the hands of the ladies of the higher classes in France, are losing their beauty of form—and scientific men ascribe it to their wearing kid gloves.

☞ An Indiana cooper placed his son inside a cask, to render assistance in putting the head on, and now is endeavoring to pull him out through the bunghole.

PROSPECTUS FOR 1872.

THE LADY'S FRIEND.

REDUCTION OF PRICE!

SPLENDID STORIES.

The publishers of THE LADY'S FRIEND have concluded to reduce its price to single subscribers from $2.50 to $2—the prices to Clubs (already very low) remaining the same.

They shall continue to obtain for their readers the very best novelets, stories, poetry, etc., that can be procured, including articles from the gifted pens of Miss Amanda M. Douglas, Miss A. L. Muzzey, Daisy Ventnor, August Bell, Mrs. Margaret Hosmer, A. M. Dana, Madge Carroll, Emma B. Ripley, Nora Perry, M. C. Pyle, Ida Rowland, etc., etc., etc.

The following novelets, with the usual variety of short stories, are announced for 1872:

UNA AND HER LIONS.
By MISS A. L. MUZZEY, author of "One Woman's Experience," "Jealousy," etc.

QUEEN COQUETTA.
By DAISY VENTNOR, author of "Prince Charming, etc., etc.

ONLY A WISH.
By A. M. DANA, author of "Jarring Chords, etc., etc.

MISSION WORK.
By Mrs. MARGARET HOSMER, author of "A Turn in Fortune's Wheel," etc., etc.

AN EVERY-DAY HEROINE.
By AMANDA M. DOUGLAS, author of "Solid Silver," "A Little Money," etc.

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[Our *club* terms are the same as those of that old and popular paper, THE SATURDAY EVENING POST—in order that the clubs may be made up of the magazine and paper conjointly when so desired.)

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☞ The contents of THE LADY'S FRIEND and of THE POST will always be entirely different.

☞ Subscribers in British North America must remit *twelve cents extra*, as we have to prepay the U. S. postage.

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Burnett's Flavoring Extracts can now be obtained of reliable grocers everywhere.

☞ A great many young ladies who have returned from their country trip, are suffering with chills and fever—the effect, the doctors say, of sitting on the piazzas in the evening after the dew has commenced to fall, with thin dresses and bare necks and arms, and no shawl or wrap of any kind. Where are the prudent mothers to take care of such daughters?

OUR NEW DEPARTURE!

THE

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ENTIRELY NEUTRAL IN POLITICS

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☞ When a father takes up a child to show him pictures, ten to one he holds the book at such an angle as suits his own vision, and not that of the little one. Yet the little one's sight is the one to be favored. How true it is that the preachers and teachers of religious truth too often hold that up where they can best see it, and not where those of whom they have charge can best see it.

THE

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1871

THE AMERICAN WOMAN ABROAD.

BY ALICE A. BARTLETT.

The women travellers from the other side of the Atantic.

Whence do they come, and why, these innumerable women? There is not a *table-d'hote* in Europe at which they do not sit in rows. There is not a picture-gallery in which they do not herd together in gay, fashionably-dressed groups; nor a public promenade or ball at which they are not the prettiest and most numerous of young people. They travel with or without matrons; they have good or bad manners, as the case may be; but they are there, unmistakable, national, irrepressible. Some are invalids; some mere pleasure-seekers; some intent on art, and others not; some make you ill with horror, others make you proud to call them fellow country-women. There is no possible kind of woman which cannot be found among them; and yet they are in a certain way alike, at least in not resembling the women of any other nation in such a way as to deceive an intelligent foreigner. In Switzerland, last summer, a very clever Polish lady, who had been asking many questions about America, finally posed me by saying, "There is one thing I cannot understand; perhaps you will have the goodness to explain it to me. It is *la demoiselle Americaine*. Where are the men of America and the married women."

Again, I happened to go for a few moments to the house of a friend in Italy, on the same evening, with three other American girls; and this is what a *grande dame*, who had seen much of many societies, said of us, her German husband agreeing with her. She said, "I cannot believe that those were married women. It is not possible. You are fooling me. But they come into the room with perfect composure, they walk up to you calmly to say good-evening, they converse fluently on any subject that arises, their manners prove them to be married women."

"And yet," said my friend, "I assure you that they are one, and all, unmarried."

The countess shrugged her shoulders. Of course, since you say so, I must believe," she said; "but I do not understand your *demoiselle Americaine*."

I could tell a dozen similar stories out of my own experience, all leading to the same general result; namely, that the young women of America have made a certain impression in Europe, that they are regarded as a class apart, and that even when they are accepted as all right, they are not thoroughly understood. Even those who behave much like other women, whether their lives be gay or quiet ones, can be distinguished from both the English and Continental *jeune fille*. It is, perhaps, somewhat in the favor of the Americans that the difference is noted, and they are of course received everywhere with respect and pleasure. No women, it is conceded, are more truly charming and dignified, and they do much to remove the bad impression caused by another class of their country-women.—*Old and New.*

WHITHER FLIETH THE SUMMER?

AN OCTOBER IDYL.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY CATHERINE KINGSTON FILER.

Oh, locust trees! waving your tassled stems of odorous blossoms, whose fragrance floats over the hazy valley; oh, elm tree! bending in your graceful beauty, lovingly locking and interlacing your lithe limbs in an ecstacy of delight, as you revel in the sultry air and the sunshine; oh, columbine! hanging your scarlet trumpets on bending branches, and rustling, languidly, your dark-hued leaves, can you tell me where summer—your summer and mine—went to, at the coming of September days, crowned with ripeness and mellowness of falling fruit?

The roses loved fair summer, and at her coming disclosed bright, blushing faces to greet her; the daisies and the blue-eyed pansies, the pale narcissus and the star of Bethlehem sprung in her foot-path, and kissed her white feet in homage, while the woodlands far and near re-echoed with the musical welcomings of happy-hearted choristers. "Welcome to thee—O summer!" warbled the linnet. "May thy pathway be filled with sunlight, and thy eyes, unlike April's, never be clouded with misty tears," trilled the mavis.

Lightly upon her brow lay the crown of royalty, and the warmth of her eyes of liquid blue melted the frost of the spring-time from the land and illumined glad earth with refulgent rays.

"The last day of summer is come."

Ah! who can realize the swiftness of Time's current flashing on to eternity. "The last day of summer is come," repeated a human voice at my side, while around me the August laughed.

Fleecy clouds slept on the sky, and white-sailed pleasure yachts flitted dreamily over the broad, blue waters of the bay; tiny wavelets gurgled across the pebbles of the beach, to recede again; a sailor's song drifted drowsily landward and sunk into silence; and the mist afar in the cradling waves, pillowed upon its lap the sunlight.

Yet, on my soul there weighed a heaviness of grief that the laughter of the gleesome wind and the tranquil beauty could not dispel—the grief of parting with summer, who had crowned the year with completest glories.

At the time when the dew fell over the grasses, and when the katy-dids and whip-poor-wills called and answered in the gloaming; when the frogs in the reed roots held carnival in their obstreperous, ancient way, and the crickets chirped beneath the harvest-moon, which the long afternoon had floated through the heavens like a rudderless shallop of silver over the undercurrent of a tranquil sea; when the sun hung low down behind the hills, and the shadows crept over moon-lit space, summer passed away in the loneliness and gloom, and was with us no more. When the September morning came the air was heavy with tears. Out on the day I gazed, but the day looked in through my window and wept, for it was forsaken by the summer sunshine, and it was heavy-hearted.

Ah, halcyon summer! with your living heart in my heart, had I roamed the meadows, waded in the grain, whose golden waves did rock and ripple in my wake, tossed the yellow wheat in my hands, and, singing, roused the meadow-lark from her nest at the shining roots. Soul in soul had we lived through all the days of hazy glory, and my mortal life had silently expanded, growing nobler, purer, sweeter, in sympathy with your own noble, pure, sweet life.

The year waned through still September into mellow October, the present month.

This day of bright, autumnal quiet, has a strain of delicious, noiseless music stealing through its silence, and one could almost imagine the air was filled with invisible gauze-winged fairies, floating on the transparent atmospheric waves.

Like the half-defined shades of dream-land seem the people, slowly winding along the yellow road, to disappear among the timber. The grass nestles in the sunlight, and the flowers nestle in the grass, and the autumn leaves tremble noiselessly down when the air is stillest, loitering on the pebbled drive, and glowing on browning mosses.

October, in whose still hours I rest on this shaded mound, with closed eyes, letting the crimson leaves drop over and around me, fancying that the rustling of the gorgeously apparelled branches is the whir of thine own white wings above me, tell me, where is summer gone?—and will she ever come again?

And the south wind sighs an answer. "Like a book, read and laid aside, is the past; like a river flown to the ocean, never to return to its source. Other summers shall glow and wane, and in them shall be haunting memories of olden times, but this, having dropped from life, no more returns.

"Take thou the present while 'tis thine, and cease vain repining. Work, as the seasons work, and bring forth good. Let *thy* life be a haunting memory of good in soul of future time, that with *thy* lessons they may attain to sweeter, nobler, purer lives."

A QUIET LIFE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The great amount of good example which a quiet Christian life gives is very little thought of. Unless we are preachers, or hold some prominent office in the church or charitable institution, we are very often considered as doing nothing toward the great aim in life—the saving of souls. This is a great mistake, because we have no reputation as fine preachers, and that our names do not appear on the list of "funds for the poor," does not imply that we are doing nothing. We all have our spheres of influence; if to-day we have made one heart happier by a kind word, we have our reward; if we lift the poor wretches from the gutter, whom drink has caused to fall, and set them on their feet, no mortal eye may see the act, but there is one above who does, and we shall receive our reward. We doubt not but that the influence exerted in this quiet way is in many cases more powerful than many of our Sunday sermons. "It is not the whole who need a physician, but the sick."

CHILDREN.—For what are those child-angels made, that are sent down to this world to bring so much love and rapture, and go from us in such bitterness and mourning? If we believe in Almighty Love, we must believe that they have a merciful and tender mission to our wayward souls. The love wherewith we love them is something the most utterly pure and unworldly of which human experience is capable, and we must hope that every one who goes from us to the world of light, goes holding an invisible chain of love by which to draw us there.—*Mrs. Stowe, in "My Wife and I."*

MILTON.—Aubrey tells us of his great personal beauty, the fair complexion, the auburn hair, the oval face, the dark-gray eyes. In stature he was rather below the middle height. His classical compositions are of the highest order of merit, and he probably only lost his fellowship through a royal mandate being obtained by some favorite who could gain that commanding influence. Among his Cambridge compositions was that famous ode on "The Morning of Christ's Nativity," which Mr. Hallam considers to be perhaps the most beautiful in the language.

UPWARDS!

Who shall tell my love I love her?
Lo! she stands
Heaven's own rainbow-arch above her,
Palm-boughs budding in her hands,
Flowers beneath her rested feet,
Thornless Eden-flowers and sweet.

Who shall tell my love I love her?
Such sweet song
Angel lips are chanting over
This new saint amid the throng;
Scarcely will they change their strain,
Counting human love so vain.

Who shall tell my love I love her?
Shall the lark?
Starting from his grassy cover
While the skies are gray and dark,
Nay; mine own song soars as high
As the brown lark's minstrelsy.

Who shall tell my love I love her?
Shall the breeze?
That most sweet and thriftless rover,
Does it stir the living trees?
Can my message thus be given?
Nay; the breeze blows under heaven.

Who shall tell my love I love her?
Shall not I?
When life's fever-sleep is over,
And my soul's glad open eye
Darts through blue and golden space
Searching looks for her dear face.

I shall tell my love I love her,
Very soon;
Human words no more may move her,
But my spirit lips shall tune
Songs of love as high and sweet,
Songs of love as pure and meet,
As angels' own, her ears to greet;
I shall tell my love I love her.

GOSSIP FOR LADIES.

THE CITY FASHIONS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

DEAR POST:—In the excitement occasioned by the great national calamity which has just occurred and of which people speak in hushed tones and voices full of tears, it seems almost a mockery to chat upon such idle themes as dress and fashion. And yet, in the face of the sorrow occasioned by the destruction of a young and beautiful city, our streets have been thronged with a gayly-dressed multitude, and "openings" upon every hand have been the order of the day.

To be sure, "Chicago" was the main topic of conversation, and lovely faces were shadowed by the deep sympathy welling up from every feeling heart, but in the midst of all, bursts of admiration as the eye fell upon some elaborate work of art, or rare imported novelty, were frequent and sincere.

So, where did I leave off? Let me see! Bonnets were treated of in my last, and hair, if I mistake not, was hastily brushed; and now, Time, which hurries on with a resistless, unremitting stream,

"Yet treads more soft than e'er did midnight thief,
That slides his hand under the miser's pillow and
carries off his prize,"

has brought about the day when dress-goods, suits and wraps must be discussed.

But what a mixing up of styles! In one thing only, are they agreed, and that is, that every available part and portion of the dress shall be covered with trimming of some sort. And this leads me to say, that of all unreliable jades, Madame Rumor is the most so. You might almost adopt the rule laid down for dreams and take her by "contraries;" for only a little while ago she went bustling about, with her all important air, informing everybody that the day of plain dresses had fairly arrived; that, this season, all importations would be wholly without ornamentation, or simply relieved by bias bands of pretty, contrasting colors and materials—that the over-skirt that had been looped and paniered, and lengthened and shortened, and Grecian-bended and shook out, and tied-up and hung down, until everybody was tired of seeing it, would be entirely abandoned and sweet simplicity would reign triumphant.

Whoever gave "willing ear" to that story must be woefully disappointed; for never, since the first "fall" out-fit was invented, were ruffles and flounces, and over-skirts and pleatings, and pointings and puffings so fashionable as now. Nor are they confined to the poor headless lay-figures, groaning (as only a headless, inanimate body can groan,) under the weight of late importations, but we see the same idea in the dresses of the living "little women" who come to look and admire. At a recent "opening," that called forth the *elite* of the city, so covered were they with all those pretty and superfluous items of adornment, which are called trimming, that those who were speculating on the advent of plain costumes, and had advertised to dress in a certain quiet way from this time forth, were struck dumb with astonishment.

"And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
That such slight forms could carry all they do."

Beg pardon, shade of Goldsmith.

The "Polonaise" has made a hit and is having a very successful run, but like the "late lamented" shawl-suits, it is becoming dreadly fearfully common, and will soon be handed over to the tender mercies of Bridget and the "Fifteenth Amendment."

And yet it is wonderfully becoming to petite figures, and such will do well while it is fashionable to have their *colours*, spanglines, sateens, cashmeres, etc., made up in that style; but for silk, or other high-priced goods, it is better to trust to the short basques and over-skirts, or the slashed jackets, so stylish and pretty; and which having endured for a long time, with a little variation now and then, are likely to last for several seasons yet. Fringes for trimming are much in vogue, and only divide honors with Guipure and Malta lace. Headings of Soutache and *passementerie* are the popular idea—in the latter, jet, as an accompaniment, enters largely. Bugle fringe is sometimes seen, but is not very graciously received. Satin is out of date as a trimming, but velvet and velveteen are much in use; with the latter, little bows take the place of buttons, and are quite effective and stylish.

Sleeves are usually cut flowing, but are sometimes seen fastened down with bows, or buttons, half way between the wrist and elbow. Short flowing sleeves over close-fitting coat sleeves are also seen, and for the winter will be quite as fashionable as any, and much more comfortable than the open sleeves—which should be, but generally isn't, a consideration of much weight.

DRESS GOODS,

of the materials used in street costume, are so varied the present season that it is hardly possible to say what is most sought for. The dark cloth colors in plum, navy blue, invisible green, brown and gray, make up undeniably into the neatest, richest and most lady-like suits; but with such a wholesale variety of tastes it is necessary to have a variety of styles, and to this end bright self-colors, stripes and plaids are brought into requisition. In the earlier part of the season there was a decided effort made to bring plaids into good repute, probably in consideration of the nuptials of the Princess Louise with the Marquis of Lorne; but with a democratic people it met with little encouragement. Everybody was willing the beautiful Louise should wear plaid, or be kept in check through the whole course of her natural life, if the arbitrary husband of her choice so commanded, but they were not willing that *Fashion*, a fickle, faulty goddess at best, should assume the prerogatives of the Scottish dignitary; so plaids are *not* the rage. Sometimes they are seen as morning wrappers and house dresses, but even then the supply is limited and confined wholly to the Rob Roy clan—or to be more intelligible, perhaps, to the general reader, to the little check of red and black.

Stripes, ungainly at any time, are rendered still more so by the gored skirts now in use; still there are people who would never purchase anything else, and who go through life imagining that

"The stilted line
Brightens the wit, the style refines."

(For *line* read *stripe*, and you will see the force of the quotation.)

Pope said that, and I've no doubt he referred to dress goods.

In colors there are no particularly new shades this season. Ladies have a fancy for calling for that "*new* shade of *blue*," but it is nothing new after all; we have had it for the last fifteen years at least, and any housekeeper in looking over her scrap-basket will find plenty of pieces that would answer for samples. "Niagara green" is also called for by youthful brides who have passed the honeymoon at the Cataract house; and any obliging salesman can produce the shade called for; only a year or so ago, when Eugenie visited Egypt, it was surnamed *Nile* green; but "What's in a name?" Call a rose an onion and it would smell as sweet (and vice versa.) But times have changed since the Viceroy extended the invitation and the beautiful Empress accepted, and perhaps among cosmopolitans Niagara has a better sound than Nile.

CLOAKS AND SHAWLS

always fashionable, always sought for, and always being improved upon, are shown in unlimited profusion the present season. Astrachan, seal-skin, velvet, and cloth rule; and though a certain degree of dampness characterizes the two first-mentioned articles of manufacture, the styles in velvet and cloth are varied enough to make up all deficiencies.

The conventional style for velvet cloaks is, a plain sacque with heavy hand embroidery, fringe or lace, but upon this are many innovations, and houses manufacturing for the million must needs vary their styles to suit the tastes of their customers. Hence it comes about that the long Polonaise in velvet with looped skirt, the tight and half-fitting basque, the dainty jacket, and the matronly circular are all represented, and each comes in for a fair share of admiration. Sacques are always elegant, and always fashionable, and for those whose purses are not long enough to warrant a yearly purchase, it is the best and safest shape to indulge in. Pretty cloth cloaks are on exhibition, and in these, as well as in velvet, the trimming is varied, ranging through passementerie, soutache, braiding, embraiding and fur, which last, if it renders a garment no warmer, makes it look so, and is in that respect at least an advantage. Otter and black marten are the furs most used in trimming, though far lower priced goods dyed cony are sometimes seen. Shawls of every description are in market, but stripes are the popular idea; these are worn scarf shape around the shoulders, and the fashion is generally admired. "Arabs" are no more seen.

Whether it was the climate or the people that did not agree with them is not definitely known. Suffice it, they have been banished to the sandy desert, and if they will but remain there, we will appreciate the happiness contributed to the world, take and enjoy our share and say a benediction for the meal. OLIVE KING.

Queen Victoria's Hallucination.

The mystery which has for some years surrounded the prolonged retiracy of Queen Victoria from the obvious duties of her exalted station, and which has given occasion for many strange rumors respecting the mental condition of her majesty, is gradually dispelling before the admissions of her ministers and others who have access to her presence. Ambiguous as are the phrases of Disraeli's recent speech when alluding to her majesty, it is clear that grave fears are felt in high quarters with reference to her infirmities, both of mind and body, and that the crisis inseparable from a change of rulers is liable to occur at any moment.

The particular mental infirmity under which Victoria labors, and which has grown upon her day by day, takes the form of a harmless hallucination. She has a firm conviction that her dead husband, Prince Albert, is always present with her, and that she can hold personal communion with him. She has moods, it is said, when she will hold an imaginary conversation with the prince for an hour together, conducting her own share of the conversation aloud and with the vigor and interest of old times. In imitation of the prince's frugal, almost parsimonious habits, she superintends as much as possible all her private affairs herself, requiring the most rigid economy from every department of the household. Her table is set with the greatest simplicity, and she imagines that her husband looks on well pleased. At times, she will order a knife and fork to be placed on the table for his use, and cause the attendant to place every course before the empty chair as if the master still occupied it. But an aberration so absorbing must incapacitate her majesty for all the more serious duties of her station, and if continued can have but one ending, viz.: her abdication of the British crown.

OLD MAIDS.

A quaint and gallant writer some fifty years ago said: "I love an old maid—I use the singular number, as speaking of a singularity in humanity. An old maid is not merely an antiquarian, she is an antiquity; not merely a record of the past but the very past itself; she has escaped a great change, and sympathizes not in the ordinary mutations of morality. She inhabits a little eternity of her own. She is Miss from the beginning of the chapter to the end. I do not like to hear them called Mistress, as is sometimes the practice, for that looks and sounds like a resignation of despair, a voluntary extinction of hope. I do not know whether marriages are made in Heaven; some people say they are, but I am almost sure old maids are. There is something about them which is not of the earth, earthy. They are spectators of the world—not adventurers or ramblers, perhaps guardians; we say nothing of tattlers. They are evidently predestined to be what they are. They owe not the singularity of their condition to any lack of beauty, wisdom, wit, or good temper; there is no accounting for it but on the principle of fatality. I have known many old maids, and of them all, not one that has not possessed as many good and amiable qualities as ninety and nine of a hundred of my married acquaintances. Why, then, are they single? It is their fate."

SUNDAY MARRIAGES.

The question of the legality of Sunday marriages is exciting considerable attention in legal as well as clerical minds. There seems to be about an equal division of both parties in this important matter. It is held that as marriage is a legal civil contract, and that legal civil contracts are illegal if made on the Sabbath, it is void if performed on that day. An interesting test case is now pending in Rochester. A millionaire died there recently, and willed all his property to the children of his second wife, disinheriting two of his own children. The marriage was performed on Sunday. It is not clear how this will invalidate the will should the decision be against Sunday marriages, but some lawyers believe that in such a case the will could and would be broken. If the court decides that marriages are invalid if performed on that day, no doubt many more interesting and pointed cases will arise.

ALLAN AND ELLEN.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY T. J. CHAMBERS.

Down to the river ran Allan and Ellen,
Gay and light-hearted as children could be;
Down to the river, that floweth forever
On to the sunny, shimmering sea.

Seven summers had kissed their tresses,
Dyeing the bright curls with golden dyes;
Seven seasons the sun's caresses
Deepened the blue of their baby eyes.

Laughing lips that are red as a cherry,
Cheeks as pink as the morning skies,
Fairy forms and voices as merry
As the robin's song when the daylight dies.

Chasing a bird that near them hovers,
Chasing the butterflies noisily—
Allan and Ellen are childish lovers,
True and devoted as lovers can be.

Gathering shells by the silver river,
Digging holes in the shining sand—
Would they could go through life forever
Careless and happy, and hand-in-hand.

Never Give Up what is Worth Gaining

A STORY FOR THE BOYS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY MRS. FANNIE R. FEUDGE.

That's the motto, boys. Never give it up, if what you are trying for is worth having. If you fail once, twice, or a dozen times, don't be discouraged; but keep on trying—and by-and-by you'll succeed. Do you suppose that Ned White, who wins nearly every game at ball—or nimble Tom Brown, who beats every skater on the rink, learned it all at once. Not a bit of it; both of them had many a miss and many a tumble, before ever a victory was won. But I am going to tell you a story about the great traveller, John Ledyard, of whose strange wild exploits some of you may have read; for all boys love to hear and read about foreign lands, and the adventures of those who have visited them; and this traveller was scarcely more than a boy when his remarkable career began.

He was born at Groton, an obscure village in Connecticut, in the year 1751; lost his father at a very early age, and grew up with few opportunities for acquiring an education.

The restless activity of his nature led him to desire a continual change of studies and pursuits; and being left almost entirely to shape his own course, his early life was nearly as erratic as that of the Knight of La Mancha.

When starting for Dartmouth College to complete the slender education then obtainable in the backwoods settlements of America, he drove across the country in a sort of sulky, that he loaded, not with books of History or Science, but with a motley collection of such plays as he could pick up, a set of old calico curtains, and various other materials for private theatricals! But there was nothing in such employments to interest our hero, or satisfy his eager desire for adventure; while of the salutary restraints of college life, he was as restive as the veriest savage in the surrounding woods, where he longed to roam at will.

So one day he was missed from college, and no one could conjecture what had become of him, till about four months afterwards he returned and gave an account of his adventures. He had been roaming among the Indian tribes—at that time very numerous all over the States; had gone on foot as far as Canada, picking up the languages of the Indians as he went along, studying their habits, living as they did, and enjoying to the full, the adventures into which his energy and daring often led him. So necessary did excitement of some kind seem to him, that he would occasionally climb mountains and sleep in the snow to see how much he could endure—and evidently well pleased to find that slight hardships did not kill him, he determined to exhibit his prowess still farther, as soon as an opportunity presented.

Robinson Crusoe was young Ledyard's *beau ideal* of a hero; and life in the forest, on the ocean wave, or even on a desert island, much more to his taste than confinement within the four walls of a college. So he carefully selected from the majestic forests that then fringed the banks of the Connecticut, a tree large enough for a canoe; and with the aid of his fellow students, cut it down, hollowed it out, and finally conveyed it to the stream that runs near the college, and launched it—a substantial canoe of fifty feet in length, and three in breadth.

His younger companions still stood by him, and by their generous assistance he was enabled to lay in the provisions he needed. Then he set sail, with only a bear-skin for a shelter and covering, and a Greek Testament and Latin Ovid for pastime on the way. His destination was Hartford, a hundred and fifty miles distant, the country mostly a wilderness, inhabited by savages, and the river, of which he knew literally nothing, was rendered dangerous by the existence of falls and rapids. What a prospect for our *boy* traveller on his solitary voyage, alone, unaided, save by his own brave, hopeful spirit and indomitable courage that knew no such thing as failure, and shielded and guided by the loving All-Father who is an ever-present help in every time of need. The canoe, borne rapidly on by the force of the current, needed not the assistance of the paddles; and our hero, lost in thought, or amusing himself with reading, never dreamed of danger till roused by the roaring and rushing of the waters of Bellows Falls. Fortunately he saw his danger time enough to escape it, and by the strenuous use of his oars reached the shore in safety. The people of the neighborhood, amazed at the daring of the youthful voyager, and struck with admiration for his dauntless intrepidity, conveyed his ponderous vessel around the Falls, and again launched it upon the waters below. Without farther incidents he arrived safely at Hartford one bright spring morning, much elated at the success of this, his first voyage!

After various less important adventures, he worked his passage to England; whence, after failing to gain the favor of the wealthy relatives he sought, he shipped as Corporal of Marines in the service of Captain Cook, then starting on his third and last voyage around the world. On this expedition Ledyard was absent four or five years, visiting Teneriffe with its lofty peaks, doubling the Cape of Good Hope, celebrating Christmas on the barren island of Kerguelen, with only seals and sea-dogs as guests, and then proceeding to Van Dieman's Land. They remained here for several days before seeing a single human being; but after awhile men, women and children began to swarm around them, begging by signs for whatever they saw, and offering food in return. These natives were black, with woolly hair and negro features, and went entirely without clothes, only smearing their bodies with red ochre and grease, and their only weapon was a stick sharpened at one end. The voyagers next visited New Zealand, of which the inhabitants were *then* cannibals, but have since embraced Christianity, and are now a civilized and prosperous people. At the Friendly Islands they found three natives of Tahiti, one of the Society group. These were readily recognized by Captain Cook's Tahitian servant, and said they had been driven in their canoe to this island by a storm that overtook them near their own shore. For thirteen days they had been hurried before the gale with little water or food, until most of the company perished, and the three survivors were thrown almost dying upon a desert shore, *fifteen hundred miles from their native island.* This incident gives us the clue to the otherwise inexplicable fact that so many islands lying in mid-ocean are peopled by races from whom they appear to be separated by impassable barriers.

After visiting many other groups in the South Seas, the expedition sailed along the coasts of North America, passed through Behring's straits, and made explorations in the polar seas, &c., our hero enduring in his land travels in these various regions, hardships enough to have discouraged any ordinary traveller. But in Ledyard they served only to whet the appetite already awakened for perilous adventure; so that we find him very shortly after his return, embarking on an expedition to Kamtschatka, a long and hazardous journey over regions the most sterile, and among unknown and hostile tribes of savages.

A single incident occurring during this northern tour, well illustrates his indomitable energy and perseverance. Finding on his arrival at Stockholm, that the Gulf of Bothnia was neither sufficiently frozen to enable him to cross upon ice, nor yet free enough from ice to be navigable, he conceived the daring plan of travelling round the gulf—a distance of *twelve hundred miles*—over trackless fields of snow, in regions thinly peopled, where the nights are long, and the cold intense, and all this to gain but fifty miles. But he accomplished his purpose, performing the whole journey *on foot*, and reached St. Petersburg early in Spring—the transit having occupied something less than seven weeks, and the distance gone over, averaging nearly two hundred miles per week.

His travels in Russia and Siberia were very extensive, and to his thorough investigations we are indebted for the most accurate information we possess of those countries during the last half of the eighteenth century. While roaming over the barren plains of inhospitable Denmark, through honest Sweden, frozen Lapland, churlish Finland, unprincipled Russia, and the wide-spread domains of the wandering Tartar—he endured incredible dangers and hardships and was at last barbarously driven by the profligate old Catherine from her dominions, and had to beg his way from Poland to London; enduring, as he said himself, "sufferings too great to be disclosed." Yet after all, his expedition was full of interest to the daring and knowledge thirsting Ledyard; and was prosecuted *throughout* with the zeal and devotion of a genuine hero.

He subsequently joined an expedition gotten up in England for the purpose of tracing out the source of the Niger, and exploring desert regions hitherto untraced by any European foot. From this bootless trip he did not live to return; but neither his name, nor the proud fame he had acquired, perished with him.

During his several exhausting tours, not only amid the frozen regions of the north, but among the cannibals of New Zealand, and the trackless thickets of the Sandwich Islands, the trials and hardships that would have daunted one less fearless, only buoyed him on to success. He was often hungry, cold, wet, and sick; for days together alone, in some pathless jungle, or hiding from hostile savages; sometimes almost famished; and, again, subsisting on roots and berries; exposed to torrid heats, without water, clothing, or shelter, till death seemed inevitable, and rescued, at last, almost by miracle; battling with wild beasts and more blood-thirsty savages—yet none of these, nor all combined, were capable of quenching his thirst for adventure and dauntless energy of purpose, and we reap at this day the priceless fruits of his perilous researches in pursuit of knowledge.

Learn, dear young friends, from the career of our hero, how much may be accomplished by energy and perseverance, and let neither difficulties nor hardships divert you from the acquisition of useful knowledge.

IMAGINATION.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Few of those who have the bringing up of children realize that an *imagination* is implanted in every breast, and that the whole future of a child's life may depend upon how that imagination is directed. The child living among thieves has his day-dreams, as well as the sweet innocent boy who says his prayer by your knee night and morning, and the good God only can save either when the day of temptation comes; but a great deal depends upon the books we give our children to read, the conversation we allow them to hear, and the early truths which we instill in their young hearts.

CHARITY IS NOT SELFISHNESS.

It is not charity to give a penny to the street mendicant of whom nothing is known, while we haggle with a poor man, out of employment, for a miserable dime. It is not charity to beat down a poor seamstress to starvation price; to let her sit in her wet clothes sewing all day; to deduct from her pitiful remuneration if the storm delays her prompt arrival. It is not charity to take a poor relative into your family, and make her a slave of all your whims, and taunt her continually with her dependent situation. It is not charity to give with a supercilious air and patronage, as if God had made you, the rich man, of different blood from the shivering recipient, whose only crime is that he is poor. It is not charity to be an extortioner—not though you bestow your alms by the thousands.

GONE OUT FOREVER.

Like drooping, dying stars, our dearly loved ones go away from our sight. The stars of our hopes, our ambitions, our prayers, whose light ever shines before us, suddenly pale in the firmament of our hearts, and their place is left empty cold and dark. A mother's steady soft and earnest light, that beamed through wants and sorrows; a father's strong quick light, that kept our feet from stumbling in the dark and treacherous ways; a sister's light, so mild, so pure, so constant and so firm, shining upon us from gentle, loving eyes, and persuading us to grace and goodness; a brother's light, forever sleeping in our soul, and illuminating our goings and comings; a friend's light, true and trusty—gone out forever! No! the light has not gone out. It is shining beyond the stars, where there is no night and no darkness, forever and forever.

PAPER FROM WOOD PULP.

The largest works in the world for manufacturing paper from wood pulp are those of the American Wood Pulp Company at Manayunk, Pennsylvania. About 200 hands are employed, the works running day and night. The buildings are 1,000 by 350 feet, and cost $600,000. Logs of wood, principally poplar, which are brought mostly from Virginia, are cut into chips by large steel knives, set in rotating iron wheels, which have the capacity of cutting about forty cords of wood in twenty-four hours. The chips are boiled to a pulp in alkalies, and by a process of evaporation about 80 per cent of the soda used is saved. Several pounds of printing paper are produced every day.

A METHODIST in a camp-meeting in Georgia, while addressing a congregation of the wickedness of the world, and how many people cheated in a backbite, and all that sort of thing, caught an old storekeeper jumping up and down, and shouting, "I know who you are hinting at, and there's no such thing."

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

CHICAGO, Oct. 17.—The movement for a resumption of business is extending to all the branches of trade. Thus far one hundred and twenty-five bodies have been recovered, and it is believed that the first estimates of loss of life were greatly exaggerated. A number of persons supposed to be dead, have been discovered alive and well.

THE WISCONSIN FIRES.—News received at Detroit, on Saturday, of the Michigan fires, more than confirms the previous reports of desolation. Almost the entire lake shore is deserted, the people having to fly for their lives, and saving nothing. Gen. Cutcheon, of Manistee, arrived at Grand Rapids, with his wife and children, having lost everything except the clothing they had on. Thus far the reported loss of life reaches two to three thousand, and it is feared that more have perished. The survivors are utterly destitute. The churches of Detroit, yesterday, took up collections in aid of the sufferers.

TERRIBLE STORM.—The severest storm known for twenty years, swept over Nova Scotia and New Brunswick on Friday night. At Halifax the tide rose two feet over the wharves, many vessels were injured, and several lives were lost. Telegraphic and railroad communication between Bedford and Halifax were suspended, by the prostration of wires, and washing away of embankments. The damage by the hurricane is estimated at $200,000.

Another furious gale, succeeding a heavy rain, prevailed at Montreal on Sunday. A number of wooden tenements and brick walls were blown down, the roof of the new church of St. George was started, and the steeple of the Cathedral "rocked like a ship's mast." The alarm in the Cathedral was so great that the congregation rushed out before the end of the service. Miss Anne Lowe was killed by the fall of a tree, and a number of persons were injured, some fatally, by falling signs and cornices. The storm was also violent at Kingston, where several vessels dragged anchors. Several disasters are reported on Lake Ontario, one schooner being probably a total wreck.

The Secretary of the Treasury has authorized the issue of $1,500,000 United States notes to take the place of those burned at Chicago.

The Secretary of the Navy, on Saturday, ordered five cadets to be dismissed from the Naval Academy, for "hazing." He is determined to stop this disgraceful practice.

A San Francisco despatch reports that "fires prevail in the mountains, the whole length of California."

Salt Lake City has contributed $25,000 to the relief of Chicago.

Snow fell at Rawlin's Station, in Wyoming, last Thursday, to the depth of from three to four feet. A passenger train was delayed for twelve hours, "with nothing to eat and very little fuel." A severe snow storm occurred at Santa Fe, New Mexico, on Sunday.

October 18.—Despatches from Gloucester, Mass., report a serious trouble arising from the operation of the fishery laws. A few days ago the American schooner E. A. Horton, seized for trespass on the Canadian fisheries, was taken from the harbor of Guysboro', Nova Scotia, by a party of men supposed to have been sent for the purpose from Gloucester, Mass. The vessel is now due at Gloucester, and was spoken off the coast on Monday night. It was reported that a British gunboat arrived off Cape Ann on Monday, to recapture the E. A. Horton and take her back to Nova Scotia. B. S. Smith, Surveyor of Customs at Gloucester, telegraphed to the Commandant of the Charlestown Navy Yark, asking him to send a gunboat, for the protection of the fugitive schooner in American waters, and the request was at once acceded to, the gunboat Fortune being sent on. The Fortune, after a cruise off the coast, returned to Gloucester yesterday, without having seen either the schooner or the British gunboat.

In Chicago, the total number of dead bodies on which inquests have been held thus far is 92. It is supposed more will be discovered when the debris is removed.

Comptroller Hurlburd telegraphs that the banks of the city are sound, and paying every dollar on demand.

Governor Baldwin has issued a proclamation to the people of Michigan, calling their attention to the almost entire ruin of several counties of their state by the forest fires, and to the destitute condition of the homeless survivors. He appeals for prompt contributions for their relief during the approaching inclement season.

Accounts have been received in St. Louis of destructive fires extending from Deer Creek and Harrison Creek Valleys, in Northern Kansas, to Jefferson county, Nebraska. Large quantities of hay, grain, and other crops, miles of fences, and several houses and barns have been burned. The loss is estimated at from $30,000 to $50,000.

The weather in California continues hot and dry.

The steamship Scotia arrived at New York from Liverpool last night. Among her passengers were Mr. George W. Childs, Dr. Peterson, R. E. Peterson, Jr., all of this city, and Sothern, the actor.

October 19.—In Chicago, the work of restoration is going on. The Board of Trade has fairly resumed business, and the receipts and shipments of grain are very heavy. The deposits in the banks are large, and very little money is called for. The solvent insurance companies are paying their losses without the usual formalities of adjustment. Architects who yesterday surveyed the Tribune building report the walls and most of the floors good, and that it can be repaired for $50,000—less than one-fourth its original cost. The Times, which resumed publication yesterday, estimates the total losses by the fire at $150,000,000.

The President of a Chicago bank, which corresponds with the Metropolitan National Bank of New York city, telegraphed yesterday that deposits had largely increased and money was abundant; that no currency would be needed from New York, and their remittances to that city would be large.

THE WESTERN FIRES.—The forest fires in the Northwest have been extinguished by recent rains. Contributions to relieve the sufferers are being started throughout the country. Though the pecuniary loss by these fires is much smaller than that by the Chicago catastrophe, the loss of life and amount of human suffering is far greater.

The Secretary of War has authorized Gen. Sheridan to relieve, as far as in his power, the sufferers by the Michigan and Wisconsin fires.

UTAH.—At Salt Lake City, George Q. Cannon, editor of the News, and Mormon elder, was arranged before Justice McKean on Tuesday, for immorality. He pleaded not guilty.

CALIFORNIA.—A white man in Eureka, Cal., has murdered his Chinese "washerman," because the latter refused to give him his clothes without being paid for washing them.

Los Angelos and San Bernardino counties, Cal., are swept by sand storms from the Colorado and Majavo deserts. Over 50,000 sheep have been scattered in the mountains by these storms and lost.

October 20.—The schooner E. A. Horton arrived at Gloucester, Mass., on Wednesday night, and received quite an ovation from the fishermen. She reports that Cape Ann was the first land seen after leaving the colonial coast, and that she saw nothing of any gunboat, English or American.

The judicial and charter elections in California, just held, have resulted in large Republican majorities throughout the state. In San Francisco the whole Republican and Tax Payers' ticket has a majority of 1,200 to 5,000, though Delos Lake, Dem., is thought to be elected Municipal Judge.

A sharp earthquake shock was felt in Augusta, Me., yesterday afternoon, at about forty minutes past four o'clock. The telegraph says it lasted "10 to 11 *minutes*," but *seconds* are probably meant. The shock was felt lightly at Wiscasset.

The City Council of Montreal, on Wednesday night, voted $50,000 for the Chicago relief fund. This makes Montreal's total contribution about $100,000.

Wm. B. Washburne has written a letter accepting the Republican nomination for Governor of Massachusetts.

FOREIGN NEWS.

GREAT BRITAIN.

The Times has a leading article in which, reviewing the Chicago conflagration and the great fires now ravaging the fields of the Northwest, and adducing the prompt action of the United States authorities in suppressing the attempted Fenian invasion of Manitoba under General O'Neill, it draws the conclusion that England and Englishmen are herein furnished with every incentive to labor and to give for the alleviation of the suffering caused by the dreadful calamities in the West.

Nearly all the railway, express and steamer lines have announced their readiness to transport contributions for the Chicago sufferers free of charge.

The Chicago relief subscriptions in London have reached eighty-five thousand dollars.

LONDON, Oct. 16.—Mr. Bradlaw, at an immense meeting here to-night, declared the Queen was insane, and demanded a Regency to be entrusted to the Judges of Law and Equity until a Republic was established.

An address has been issued by representative working men, demanding the separation of Church and State in England. The address announces that meetings of workingmen will be held throughout the country in support of this movement.

The Chicago relief subscriptions which have been opened in the various cities throughout Great Britain have met with cordial responses, and the outgoing steamers from all our ports will carry large contributions both in money and materials.

LONDON, Oct. 17.—The destruction of Chicago is still the all-absorbing topic here. The newspapers continue their appeals to the people, and it deserves to be said the people respond gloriously. The Mayor appends an exhortation to continue the subscriptions until the amount devoted to the cause be worthy of the emergency and of the great city of London. This morning the subscriptions at Liverpool were £10,000; at Leeds, £400; at Cork, £400; at Dublin, £1500, and at Hanley, £400. Birmingham has already forwarded the first installment of £2000. A relief meeting was held at Sheffield to-day, the Mayor presiding, at which £2000 was collected in a few minutes. Several leading merchants and manufacturers contributed £250 each. The newspapers comment at length upon the fires at Chicago and in the Northwest, and deplore the paucity of details. In such a case as this, the excessive tariff charged by the Atlantic Cable monopoly becomes a public misfortune.

LONDON, Oct. 17.—The details received here of the recent storms and floods in China represent the loss of life and property to have been very great. At least three thousand persons are said to have perished.

The Lord Mayor has received a telegram of thanks from the Mayor of Chicago.

FRANCE.

PARIS, Oct. 15.—Traffic by the Mount Cenis tunnel begins to-morrow, the lines of railroads connecting with the tunnel having been completed.

PARIS, Oct. 18.—The final ratification by France of the treaty with Germany has been despatched to Berlin. By the terms of the treaty the six Departments to be evacuated by the Germans are declared neutral territory in a military point of view until stipulated payments of indemnity are completed. During the time these Departments are not to be occupied by French troops, and should France not fulfill her financial obligations they may be re-occupied by the Germans.

October 19.—The amount contributed by Americans in Paris for the relief of Chicago is 131,055 francs.

RUSSIA.

LONDON, Oct. 17.—Advices from Odessa state that eight hundred buildings in the town of Bogvosloy had been burned by incendiary fires, believed to be the work of the fanatical oppressors of the Jews. The great proportion of the inhabitants of the town are of Jewish faith.

THE CHOLERA.

LONDON, Oct. 17.—Constantinople advices state that the cholera has again appeared, and in two days sixty persons died, ten of whom were Europeans.

PERSIA.

LONDON, Oct. 19.—Later advices from Teheran show that Persia is still suffering from famine and pestilence, and the disorganization and disturbances which these calamities have induced.

BASE BALL NEWS, &c.

HARVARDS VS. BOSTONS.

BOSTON, Oct. 14.—The game of base ball to-day between the Harvards and Boston Nine resulted in favor of the latter by a score of 16 to 8.

MUTUALS VS. BOSTON.

BOSTON, Oct. 17.—In the exhibition game of base ball to-day, the Mutuals, of New York, scored 8, and the Boston 15.

ATHLETICS VS. MUTUALS.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 18.—The fifth and deciding game of the championship series between the Athletics, of this city, and Mutuals, of New York, was played this afternoon, and resulted in a decisive victory for the Athletics. The following is the score by innings:—

Mutuals	1	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	2	—7
Athletics	2	1	1	0	2	1	8	2	2	—21

ATHLETICS VS. MUTUALS.

Benefit Chicago Sufferers.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 19.—Two mixed nines from the Athletic and Mutual Clubs played a game to-day for the benefit of the Chicago sufferers. The following is the score:—

A MAN being overtaken by a shower, sought shelter from the rain in the house of a negro fiddler. On entering, he found the negro in the only dry spot in the house—the chimney-corner—as happy as a clam, fiddling most merrily. Our traveller tried to keep dry, but the rain came in from all quarters. "Jack," said he, "why don't you fix your house?" "Oh, 'cause 'er rain so I can't." "But why don't you fix it when it don't rain?" "Oh, when 'er don't rain, 'er don't need no fixing!"

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—8000 bbls, including superfine at $5.75@6; middling at $5 extra at $5.50@6.50; Wisconsin and Minnesota extra family at $7.25@8.25; Pennsylvania do do at $6.75@7.50; Indiana and Ohio do do at $6@7.50, and Missouri and St. Louis fancy at $8@9. Rye Flour sells at $5.

GRAIN—Wheat—Sales of 80,000 bus at $1.55@1.59 for Penna red; $1.56@1.60 for Western; $1.55@1.58 for Delaware; amber at $1.63@1.68, and fair and choice white at $1.69@1.75. Rye—Western commands 94@95c. Corn—Sales of 70,000 bus yellow at 72@73c, and Western mixed at 69@70c. Oats—Sales of 55,000 bus Western mixed and white at 47@51c. Barley—15,000 bus Western sold at 85@91c, and some New York four-rowed at 90c. Barley Malt is nominal at $1.10@1.30.

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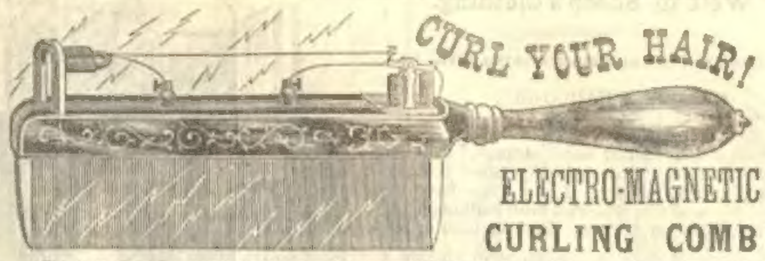

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in second for a greeting, but he had no reason to complain of the manner of his reception.

Mrs. Whipple and her daughter and sister were all found to be unharmed, though terribly frightened.

To Bloom was related the strange and happy circumstances leading to the discovery of Agnes' real father. It took the good woman some time to comprehend it. She seemed perplexed about some matter, concerning which she was constantly soliloquizing. At last a light appeared to break on her mind.

"Marchester, you say, Marchester; why that's the name o' the lady I lived with fifteen years ago up in Charlotteville. I was a tryin' and tryin' to think o' it, but there was a heap o' other things piled a-top o' it. Helen Marchester."

Agnes and Colonel Marchester, who were both present, received a new shock at these words of the mountaineer's wife. The latter interrupted her with the eager question:

"Did you know a lady of that name, my good woman? It was my wife's name. Can it be possible that you have ever seen her?"

"That was my lady's name," asserted Bloom.

"Describe her, as you remember her," demanded the excited man.

"She was a sweet lady, sir, with the mournfulest dark eyes, the goldenest brown hair; and she moved just like a soft wind a-stirrin', sir, and she—"

"It was like my own dear wife. Oh! heaven, if it should be she! It was fifteen years ago, you say; a long, long time."

"'Twas said she come from England, sir," continued Bloom, "and her servants spoke of her as Lady Helen—there was one, a mute—who—"

"Who was her maid, and a most faithful one?" interrupted Marchester with increased excitement.

"Yes, sir, that is jest so."

"The lady was my wife—your mother, Agnes. What if she should be yet alive! Oh! that were too kind of heaven—mother and child both mine once more! Yet I cannot rest until I know. It is not distant to Charlotteville. I will go thither at once. Perhaps I may learn some tidings of her though it be only that she is dead. Agnes, my darling, remain here. I must see Major Adley. Quiet yourself, if possible, till I return."

He kissed her passionately and hastened from the place.

"Lord bless us, child, my brain's all a-swim. I'm clean mixed up and confoundered," said Bloom to the equally bewildered girl.

"I feel weak and strange, aunty; I will lie down," was her reply.

"Come this way to onest you poor, tried thing." She led her to a comfortable resting-place, saying:

"Now you just go to sleep, Miss Agnes, and when you wake you'll feel more like makin' head and tail o' all this. There, now!" She left her, alarmed at the evidence the maiden gave of being prostrated by the great and successive excitements to which she had been subjected.

"She'll be a ravin' with brain fever next, and no wonder," reflected the kind old creature.

Marchester soon returned with Major Adley, but Bloom cautioned them against disturbing Agnes, whereupon, without entering, they informed her that it was their design to proceed in the morning to Charlotteville, taking Agnes with them if possible.

"And Barnwell shall go with you," said Bloom. "If you're goin' to take our gal away," she continued, almost weeping at the thought, "I must know if she gits in good hands."

"You shall hear from us, be assured," promised the Major. "You and your husband have been very kind to her and to us, and we owe you a debt of gratitude. We will pass the night near, and in the morning start early on our journey."

It had not been considered advisable to attempt to reach Charlotteville that day. Marchester could not rest, but the delay was necessary. Agnes arose somewhat refreshed from her couch; but insisting upon no present consideration of the momentous subjects that filled her mind with a sort of suppressed agitation, Bloom prepared her a light supper, and when it was eaten, compelled her retirement for the night.

"Don't say a word about these things, child. You ain't fit to think now. I knows what's good for you. Wait till mornin', and then you'll be a heap stronger. You must keep in a *torrid* state for awhile yet." The old lady probably meant torpid state, for that indeed was a desirable condition for one so worn and excited as Agnes had been.

She awoke in the morning refreshed and strengthened, mentally and physically. The danger of a serious illness was past. She met her lover and her father, and received their greetings, with a clearer consciousness of joy than she the previous day had known. It was then, as on the night succeeding the battle, a wild, sweet tumult of feeling; now she began to *realize* her happiness. What if the day that had dawned with such, perhaps, prophetic brightness should increase the sum of her joy. She dared not think of it, and though she knew the anxiety of the others on the subject, but few words were spoken. They must *wait* till the great moment of final knowledge.

Attended by Hipson, whose wound was but slight, the Ranger and a number of the volunteers who had come from the vicinity of Charlotteville to assist in the attack, the three so deeply interested in what might there be discovered, set out on their journey. The whole party was excellently mounted, Agnes riding her favorite Race. We will pass over the period occupied in making the trip, and join them at the hour of their arrival at their destination.

With the chances and changes of fifteen long years against their hopes, it may be supposed they endeavored to prepare themselves for disappointment. Inquiry developed certain exciting facts. Leaving their companions, father, daughter and lover hastily proceeded to a quiet, shaded mansion, standing retired in the most pleasant part of the town. They ascended the steps and signalled their presence by a huge ancient knocker. After a few moments waiting—it seemed an age to them—the door was opened and a colored servant invited them to enter.

"Say to your mistress that we desire to see her immediately," directed Major Adley, at the same moment placing a card in her hand.

"Missus am in one of de parlors," said the servant, showing the excited visitors to the one to the right. She entered the other—a brief pause followed; then an exclamation of surprise and the hurried, wondering entrance of a lady. A tall, trembling figure met her near the door.

"Walter Marchester—my husband! Oh God!"

"Helen—my long-lost wife!"

They knew each other instantly after that weary separation of so many years. Clasped in each other's arms they could only utter a cry of joyous recognition; without support they would have sunk swooning to the floor. The strong nature of Walter Marchester gave way like a woman's. But joy does not kill. Recovering himself he turned to the tearful Agnes, saying:

"She has not seen you yet, my child. She knows not what further joy awaits her. Kiss her, Agnes, and then come away. She is reviving, but must not know all yet."

With lips that were baby-lips when last they pressed those cheeks the weeping girl bent over the form of her new-found mother. She breathed the holy name and kissed the pale, sweet face.

We draw the veil over what followed. The revival of the joy-stricken one—the meeting with her daughter—the mutual explanations, and the realization of the blissful facts. We have only to give in our own words the history due the reader of the strange events which had this happy ending.

Sir Walter Marchester in his youth wooed, won and wedded the beautiful Helen Henderson, the only surviving representative of a proud, wealthy and ancient, but, as we have said, almost extinct family. She had not a near living relative in the world. Meeting and loving, they were married, and lived as is already known, for a year in happiness. But before she had ever seen Walter Marchester, the lovely Helen had another lover, though he from the first had found little favor in her sight. It came to her knowledge that he was an evil man, guilty of a nameless and repulsive crime. She turned from him instantly and utterly; but he loved her with all the strength of a fiery, passionate nature, and would not give her up. She threatened exposure if he did not cease his persecutions. Fearful that she would to protect herself keep her word, he desisted from his open advances, but did not forget her.

He saw with devilish hate the success of the wooing of the noble Walter Marchester. The baronet had never met his secret enemy, but was himself known to the disappointed villain. His assassination was attempted. It failed. The heiress became the baronet's bride.

The criminal lover disappeared, but only to plot further evil against the happy couple. He was wealthy, and he used his gold for the most infamous ends. The necessary absence of the young husband in America followed. Ere the time for his return arrived, his enemy by skillful and indefatigable plotting, by bribery, and the testimony of gold-bought agents had made it appear that Walter Marchester at the time he became the husband of the beautiful Helen Henderson was already legally married to an obscure but fascinating woman still living. The church register showed it—the pretended wife—a beautiful, but false and abandoned creature—herself came forward to prove it. What in the face of all this could the real wife do? She dreaded publicity, if in the end it should prove her disgrace, worse than death. The evidence against her husband seemed overwhelming. His absence from the country was construed against him. It was found, as it was plotted that it should be, that the pretended wife had taken passage for America, and it was said that it had been pre-arranged that she was thus to join him. Hope deserted the true wife's breast. Shame crushed her into silence. Taking her child she fled from the scene of her misery. But a wicked eye was on her. Her former lover reappeared and renewed his suit. She rejected him with loathing. He did not yet give her up, but, in revenge, he *abducted her child*. This last stroke destroyed for the time her reason, and for months she lay, unknown and unknowing, in a distant house of lunacy. Complete mental oblivion rested upon her, from which after long suffering she emerged. Friends sought her, and it was discovered that she had been the victim of a most damnable plot. But the revelation came too late. Husband and child were both gone. He whom in these pages has been known as Clifford Ayre was the author of all her misery. His real name was Caswell Moore, and with him her child had been taken to America. She removed to that country, and made every effort to discover her husband and daughter. An illness lasting for years followed, and through cruel fate nothing came of the search. She did not die, though all marvelled that she lived; a mute maid attended her, and more than any other being by her devotion and tender nursing kept her alive.

This in brief is the strange, sad story of Helen Marchester. To Charlotteville chance had directed her, and there she had passed those years of unutterable loneliness and sorrow. But her gentle hands found much to do, and hundreds blessed her presence. To her, as to all true souls, the reward had come at last, as it always does, either in this world or the next.

We have little more to add. Our readers must imagine the happiness that reigned in that quiet old mansion, which, we are glad to inform them, was still further increased by the marriage of the gallant Major Henry Adley and Agnes Marchester—Agnes Ayre no longer. We have doubted if the title of our tale be proper, but since by that name we have known our heroine it shall stand.

The body of the false Clifford Ayre was interred and brought to Charlotteville, where it was recognized by her whom he had so deeply and villainously wronged, and by her mute servant also, as that of Caswell Moore. All other necessary steps were in time taken to substantiate in the law the facts of this strange case. It had been no doubt one of the later wishes of the abductor of Alice to unite her in marriage with her so-called cousin, that the immense property to which Agnes was heiress, might, in the possible event of her being discovered, be secured to her husband. He knew that during his own life no attempt to obtain possession of this wealth would be safe, but after his death the case might be different. It was his conversation with his sister in regard to the possibility of Herbert's ever obtaining this inheritance that Hipson had overheard, together with other strange allusions, which, though they could not be connected intelligibly, were startling when related to Agnes.

Mrs. Gordon was informed of her brother's death, and of the discovery of his villainous conduct. Toward her as an accomplice, as in part she was, nothing was done at anytime afterward. She removed to Charleston. And at the close of the war, with her son, the Captain, who had survived his wound and had been exchanged, went to England.

Agnes and her husband, when the war was over, went to Virginia, taking up their abode at Adley Hall; where they were soon joined by Walter and Helen Marchester. Many years of happiness were alloted to all. And the dreadful Past was covered with memories of brighter days.

Hipson remained the faithful servant of the family till his death.

Mark and Esther Whipple were not forgotten. And on the site of their former habitation, which had been destroyed by the tories, rose a goodly structure—the gift of those who remembered their hospitality and kindness in the dark days of the war.

Old Barnwell Rapp and his wife were made fully sensible of the gratitude felt toward them—but nothing could induce them to leave their mountain home. Occasionally a visit was made to the spot which possessed such a mighty personal interest to our friends, aside from the associations of the victory there won for freedom.

The gold-framed picture found on the person of the so-called Clifford Ayre, of which he had dishonestly possessed himself, and constantly wore—for his dark passion lingered till his death—was transmitted in the family to which it rightfully belonged, as a most precious heir-loom.

So, in brightness, concludes this story of other days.

THE END.

☞ A young man in Connecticut, having the late railroad disasters in his mind, has broken his engagement with a young lady, because she wears a train and is negligent about her switch.

☞ A COMPETENT BOY.—There is a boy of ten years old, who lives in the city of New York, and blacks boots for a living; supporting by the money he makes three younger orphan brothers and sisters.

CHICAGO TO THE EAST.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

Across the girdling of her walls of fire,
She sent one human cry,
The while she mounted up her funeral pyre,
And laid her down to die:
"Be pitiful to us!"

But yesterday, beside her lake's green shore,
How stately did she rest!
Amid her prairies crowned she stands no more,
Fair city of the West!
"Be pitiful to us!"

And the winds sob strange voices thro' the land,
From where the plains stretch gray,
Silent and smooth, like seas in slumbers bland—
Voices that always say:
"Be pitiful to us!"

"For while you watched thro' Autumn's purpling haze
Your hills and fields grow brown,
Across the stillness of her golden days
That Red Death thundered down.
'Be pitiful to us!'

"We saw it strike our homes, and thro' each street
Its hissing surges glow:
And wondered how God's heart kept its calm beat
O'er all that wide, black woe!
'Be pitiful to us!'

"Oh! cities of the East, how fair and strong
We held our gracious way,
The shining courses of the years along,
Until that fiery day!
'Be pitiful to us!'

"By the charred ember of our blackened homes—
By all this loss and woe—
By hunger and by cold—by griefs whose moans
Strike deeps you cannot know,
'Be pitiful to us!'

"By the young children who roam houseless through
Our crumbling streets to-day,
By tender women whose white faces view
Their homes in ashes lay,
'Be pitiful to us!'

"Because your roof-trees, all unscathed and fair,
Have missed our hour of doom,
Bend from your heights of peace and joy to share
This midnight of our gloom!
'Be pitiful to us!'

"And in the dear name of our common God
We call to you to-day,
Where the gray ocean smites his silver rod
Around your shores we pray,
'Be pitiful to us!'"

—*Boston Commonwealth.*

HOW IT HAPPENED.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY ELLEN M. MITCHELL.

The car was crowded; I saw that at the first glance. But weren't they always so at this time of night, and what good would it do if I waited for another? I signalled the driver; he stopped. (Was there ever one that wouldn't?) I stepped on the platform, the gentlemen made room for me politely, and just then a gust of wind came along, rattled out hair-pins, and away flew my curls, far down the street. There was a titter of amusement from those who witnessed the catastrophe, and full of indignation, and shame, and grief for the loss, I hurried inside. But the car hadn't gone more than a couple of blocks when a gentleman entered and, without attracting notice, quietly slipped into my hand the missing hair, loosely wrapped in a newspaper.

I looked up gratefully, and met a pair of eyes beaming with mischief and good humor. They were dark, and so was his hair, and the face was bronzed as if by travel and exposure. But I blushed, and was vexed at his quizzical glance, and wished in my heart that he had been older and not quite so good-looking. For it wasn't the most romantic adventure in the world, and I could fancy how ridiculous I looked with my hat perched on the top of a few little straggling, hay-colored wisps of hair. (I had weighted down my head with chignons, and frizzes, and braids, and curls, and—Fashion knows what, until baldness followed as a natural consequence.)

If it hadn't been for the lost hair-pins, I might have fastened on my curls, but as often as I tried it, they slipped down from under my hat, and finally I gave up the attempt. Unluckily, too, I had come out without a veil; it seemed as if Fate meant to do her worst. You won't be surprised that, under such circumstances, I was heartily provoked when my "hero of the curls" persisted in hanging on to a strap, directly in front of me. To be sure, he didn't turn his eyes in my direction once after that first look, but I knew he was there, and it made me uncomfortable.

The crowd in the car thinned, and there were only three persons left when we reached Grand Avenue, the end of the route; my "hero" was one of the number.

Papa's house stood on a little knoll a few rods distant, and I fairly ran toward it, the wind blowing dust in my eyes, and flapping my skirts in a way that was anything but graceful. I was all out of breath when I reached the gate. Cousin Mabel stood there, staring as if she thought me demented.

"Why, Fanny, is that you?" and she burst out laughing. "Where is your hair?"

I rushed past her into the house. She followed. Then, half laughing, half crying, I told her the story.

"What an adventure!" exclaimed she, with much enthusiasm. "Just like a fairy tale. I wonder if he is married."

"Who?"

"The rescuer of your hair. Ah! Fanny, I'm afraid you're not as grateful as you ought to be for that brave, heroic act, by which you've saved an outlay of at least fifteen dollars. Think what the man risked in your behalf. Doubtless he knew the value of hair, and that it is a costly article."

"Nonsense!"

"Anyway, you have made a conquest, I'm convinced of it. No mortal could resist such charms as these," and she thrust a hand-mirror right before my face.

I groaned inwardly, but took a peep in it nevertheless. Was there ever such a fright? If I'd seen the reflection anywhere else, I shouldn't have recognized it for my own.

Mabel laughed at my discomfiture. Then, being generous and kind-hearted in spite of her teasing propensity, she dropped the subject.

"You can't guess, Fanny, who has come to town," and she looked mysterious. "He was in Paris during the siege, escaped miraculously, reached home this morning; everybody delighted, Aunt Sue especially."

"Oh! Mabel, it isn't Horace Leigh?"

"But it is. And his mother gives a party two weeks from to-night in honor of his arrival. We are all invited."

"I won't go."

"But Aunt Sue has decided that you shall. She has selected your dress, a lovely peach-blossom silk. 'Twill be a triumph of art, for Mrs. Moore is to make it, and everybody declares her taste exquisite."

My eyes brightened. What woman could resist such a temptation as that? I wasn't going to give up, though, all in a minute.

"Mamma might have consulted me," and I pouted a little. "I'm not going to be forced on any man, least of all Mr. Leigh."

"Certainly not," retorted Mabel, smiling mischievously. "But, Fanny, confess now, you would'n't like that fortune to slip through your fingers."

"Yes, I would, rather than marry Horace Leigh."

"What has set you against him so persistently? According to report, he is handsome, and dignified, and noble-hearted."

"I've heard all that, and more too, but if he was perfection itself, it wouldn't make any difference to me. He is Horace Leigh, the man Uncle John meant me to marry, and that is all I want to know."

"You are incorrigible, Fanny."

"Maybe so, but it isn't pleasant to have a stupid old will set out what your future is to be, who you are to marry, and the penalty of disobedience."

"How did your uncle ever come to make such a will?" questioned Mabel, curiously.

"That is more than I can tell. I've heard, though, that he was in love with Mrs. Leigh once. Horace was a favorite of his too, but was only twelve years old when uncle John died. I was seven."

"But the fortune—what becomes of it, if you refuse to marry Horace?"

"*He* will have it all."

"And if *he* refuse to marry you?"

"*I* will have it all."

"Ah! yes, I see what a funny will! The money is left to you both only on condition that you marry each other. But twenty thousand dollars is a snug little nest-egg, and if I were you, Mr. Horace Leigh shouldn't enjoy it alone. When did you see him last?"

"Not since uncle John died. We were the best of friends then. But he went to college soon afterward, then to Germany, and has been travelling most of the time since."

"Has he never written to you?"

"Oh, yes, and I used to answer his letters until I found out about the will. Then I stopped."

"Silly girl!"

"You wouldn't like it any better than I. Why, knowing what he does, he is actually forced to make love to me whether he likes it or not if he is a fit gallant."

"No such thing. Let him sacrifice the fortune."

"There it is. How can he ever make a disinterested wooer? I do wish he had stayed in France, or at any rate kept away from St. Louis. Mamma and Mrs. Leigh are even worse than uncle John. They are determined to marry us in spite of ourselves."

"But couldn't you arrange it so as to divide the fortune, and each be independent of the other?"

"No. Uncle John forbade that expressly."

"Well, then, Fanny, you'll have to accept your fate, and a husband too."

"Not I. Haven't you ever found out that I had a will of my own?"

Mabel laughed and replied emphatically, "I should think I had."

"Then, why do you persist in disbelieving me when I tell you I won't marry Horace Leigh? I won't go to the party given in his honor either. You can wear the peach-blossom silk if you like; I shan't."

I ran out of the room, slamming the door to vigorously.

My indignation subsided in a little while—I was combing my hair. It's quieting to the nerves probably. Having finished the operation and fastened on my hair, securely this time, I looked at myself in the glass complacently. Not that I'm vain, but then it is pleasant to have bright eyes, a clear complexion, and gold-brown hair—even if the latter isn't nature's gift. If my hero of the curls could have seen me now, he'd been a convert to the wearing of false hair forever afterward. I sighed a little at thought of him, and wished that we'd met under more favorable circumstances.

But I hadn't much time for reflection before the supper-bell rang, and such a clang and clatter as it made, was enough to drive one crazy. I ran down stairs, stopping up my ears.

Brother Joe was standing in the hall, just as I expected, swinging back and forth with all his might. He is ten years old, and as full of mischief as he can live.

"Did you hear it, Fanny?" said he. "I meant you should."

I snatched it out of his hand, carried it into the dining-room, and took a seat at the table.

"Heard the news, Fanny?" said mamma.

Of course I knew what she meant, but pretended I didn't.

"No. What is it? Paris capitulated? Louis Napoleon recalled?"

"Not exactly," and papa laughed. "Put Horace Leigh in place of Louis Napoleon, then you have it."

"Yes, dear, he arrived this morning." Mamma smiled in an ecstatic way.

"Who? Louis Napoleon?"

"That is a good one," shouted Joe. "You're an ignoramus, Fanny. I know what the word means, the teacher told me yesterday. Do you?"

"Hush up, Joe," said mamma, sharply. "Fanny is not so dull as she pretends, and knows well enough that I referred to Horace Leigh."

Then they all began to talk about him in a eulogizing strain—papa, mamma, cousin Mabel, even brother Joe. I was heartily sick of the subject when I rose from the table.

The more I heard of Horace Leigh, the greater was my reluctance to see him, the stronger my aversion to the marriage uncle John had planned. But mamma was a woman of will, and the whole household were arrayed against me, and I'd have to treat him civilly of course, and there was no telling what might happen afterward.

That night I resolved on my course of action. Let events develop what it was.

I went down stairs the next morning, dressed in a travelling suit of gray linen. Mamma stared a little; so did cousin Mabel.

Breakfast was all ready.

"I'm going to Webster on the morning train," said I, coolly, sipping the coffee mamma handed me. "Shall be back to-morrow night." What a fib! It cost me a pang, for I'm old-fashioned enough to speak the truth generally.

"Without so much as saying by your leave!" burst out mamma, indignantly.

"But you told me I could go any day this week."

"When?"

"Last Saturday, Millie Hunt asked you. The roses are all in bloom now; strawberries are plenty; it is just the time to make a country visit. I promised her I'd come too."

Mamma was vexed; I saw that plainly. "But what will Horace Leigh think?" said she. "He'll be sure to call this morning."

"Supposing he does," and I buttered a muffin complacently. "Can't you and Mabel entertain him?"

"He'll take it as a slight, your leaving town right after his arrival."

"Let him, then. If he is so sensitive as that, it is time he was cured."

Mamma looked at her plate. What she saw there except a slice of boiled ham I don't know, but her voice was decisive when she answered, "You can't go, Fanny. This visit will have to be postponed."

"Mamma!" There were both entreaty and defiance in the exclamation.

Then papa put in his word. 'Twas a good one, too. He is averse to match-making. Besides that, I'm an only daughter, and indulged accordingly.

"Let her go," said he. "She has been cooped up in the city long enough. Mr. Leigh can follow her if he likes, but it is all nonsense, depriving the child of her visit on his account. Come, Fanny, run up-stairs and put on your things, and I'll drive you to the depot."

I looked at mamma appealingly. Papa ruled the house, and I knew it, but then mamma somehow always managed to have her own way, and I wanted her permission too.

"Does Millie Hunt expect you?" she asked.

"Yes." (So she did.)

"To-day?"

"Yes." (Another fib. I didn't shrink from it this time.)

"Well then, you can go," said she, rather ungraciously, "and be sure that you come back to-morrow night."

"Yes, mamma," and I hurried out of the room, wondering whether she would think me crazy if she knew what a wild project I had formed.

Five minutes afterward I stood in the hall, all ready for the journey. Papa and the carriage were at the door.

"Jump in, Fanny," said he. "'Tis nearly car-time."

"And look out for your hair," whispered Mabel. But I'd already done so; 'twas fastened to my head securely.

We reached the depot in good season. But the cars were crowded. There was some kind of a convention at Jefferson City, and everybody was going.

Papa couldn't find me a seat at first. But finally a gentleman rose and offered me one. He had been occupying two, and so there was nothing particularly unselfish in the act. I don't recollect whether I took the trouble to thank him or not. Papa did, for his manners are after the "old school" type, polite and courtly.

Then he kissed me, said something kind and affectionate, and was gone. I looked out of the window, but he wasn't anywhere in sight. I felt like a culprit, and a few honest tears came into my eyes. For wasn't I deceiving him, the dear, loving, generous-hearted old father? Would he ever trust me again when he found out that my destination was Kansas City, instead of Webster? I had an aunt there, a spinster, opposed to marriage on principle, (so she averred,) and it was under her protection I meant to place myself until I'd succeeded in convincing Mr. Leigh of my utter indifference, so far as he or the "will" was concerned. But I didn't dare disclose this intention, and so made the journey to Webster a pretext for the longer one to her. The only baggage I had was a parasol, a book, and a large travelling bag, the latter crammed full. I didn't wonder that Mabel looked at it suspiciously, for besides a dress and a pair of shoes, it contained handkerchiefs, collars, ribbons, hosiery, etc., etc. I'd like to have taken a trunk, but under the circumstances it wouldn't have answered.

It wasn't until we had left Webster far behind us that, hearing a newspaper rustle, I took a good look into the face of my companion. Imagine my surprise, my confusion, when I recognized in him the dark-eyed, sunburnt stranger to whom I owed the hair on my head—the knight that I'd dubbed "hero of the curls!" I'd been so taken up with myself that I had scarcely noticed him before, even when he offered me a seat.

Magnetized, doubtless, by my prolonged stare, he raised his eyes suddenly. Thereupon I dropped mine.

"Wouldn't you like to look over the 'Republican?'" said he, courteously.

"Thank you," and I accepted the paper, devoutly hoping that he wouldn't discover my identity with the forlorn damsel whose hair he had rescued.

But he did, for glancing up shyly, I detected a faint smile lurking round the corners of his mouth, and lighting up his eyes.

I put on at once an aspect of severe dignity.

Not another word was said by either of us until, having read the paper through, advertisements and all, I returned it.

Then, being of a social turn probably, he tried to open a conversation, but the only reply I made was either a monosyllabic "Yes," or "No." Once or twice I even pretended to be so absorbed in looking at the scenery along the road as not to hear him at all. But what provoked me most was that this assumption of indifference didn't ruffle him in the least. He was just as smiling, good-humored and talkative as ever. And there was no denying it, he interested me in spite of myself. For he was evidently a man who had read much, thought deeply, and travelled extensively, and knew how to present the results of his experience in an attractive, entertaining form.

The conductor came around, and knowing I had a ticket for Webster, looked slightly surprised at finding me still in the car. I explained to him in a low voice that I had concluded not to stop there, but go on to Kansas City. He was apparently satisfied, though I certainly blushed and stammered enough to create suspicion that everything wasn't all right.

We had dinner at Hermann, a good one too, and some of the native wine for which the place is famous. Afterward, either by reason of that or the genial influence of my companion, I thawed out a little, grew more sociable, and was surprised to find myself engaged in an animated discussion on the subject of French politics when we reached Jefferson City. (It would have made papa laugh, for the views I advanced were certainly novel and startling, whatever other merit they lacked.) I had expected that my companion would leave me there, having decided in my own mind that he was a delegate to the convention, as were half the men in the car.

But he didn't; he was going through to Kansas City, so he said; and though I hadn't forgotten the "curls" and my antipathy to their preserver, I couldn't help rejoicing at this piece of intelligence. My readers will sympathize with me, certainly those who have travelled, for one is ready to welcome anything or anybody that will lighten the tedium of a railroad journey. Some of the prudish will be horrified, perhaps, at the facility with which I and this stranger became acquainted; but supposing a person of discrimination, (and I flatter myself that I am one,) were to meet John Ruskin or Professor Darwin on the cars, and find him in a talkative mood, would one refuse to listen because one hadn't been properly introduced?

Now I felt nearly certain that my acquaintance was either a literary or scientific celebrity; why, then, shouldn't I enjoy his conversation? He talked to me in a sort of grandfatherly way, was neither "foppish" nor "dandified;" and, strange to say, even while recognizing his superior intelligence, I was neither awed nor overwhelmed thereby, but led on half-unconsciously to the disclosure of thoughts, and fancies, and crude ideas, that I usually kept under lock and key. For the man was not only a good talker, but a sympathetic, appreciative listener.

In one of the pauses of conversation I dropped my handkerchief. He picked it up, saw the name in one corner, started, looked at me closely, then returned it with a faint smile of what seemed both amusement and annoyance creeping over his face.

"Then it is Miss Fanny Hartly whom I have the honor of addressing?" inquired he, politely.

I bowed, somewhat coldly.

"I've heard of you often from a mutual friend whom I met at Paris, Horace Leigh."

"Ah!" and I threw into the exclamation all the scorn and contempt that I felt.

"We left France together, embarked on the same vessel, travelled in company from New York to St. Louis. You knew of his arrival, did you not?" His keen eyes were bent upon me searchingly.

I thought the question impertinent, but answered it nevertheless, adding, somewhat bitterly, that "I should never be left in ignorance of so important an event as that."

"Certainly not, and pardon me for saying it, but I'm a little surprised at your leaving the city just now. Mr. Leigh and I are intimate friends, and I'm acquainted with the fact that you are to be his wife." (Was there ever such presumption?)

"Sir!" and my voice shook with suppressed wrath, "rather than marry Horace Leigh I'd leap from this window to the bottom of that ravine," pointing to one that lay on the side of us with the air of a tragedienne.

He winced, almost as if I had struck him a blow. "May I ask why?"

"He has told you of the will?"

"Yes."

"Isn't that enough to part us forever? What delicate-minded woman wouldn't shrink from being forced into marriage thus? We are to accept each other, or lose a fortune; love has nothing to do with the matter, lucre everything; how can I be sure of his disinterestedness, or he of mine? That stupid will has been the bugbear of my existence long enough; I've run away from it now, and from Mr. Horace Leigh too."

I stopped abruptly. Angered by what he had said, I had disclosed more than I intended, and was vexed at myself, remembering that he was a stranger and the friend of Mr. Leigh.

I checked the reply he was about to make. "Let us drop the subject," said I. "I'd rather not discuss it. 'Tis a personal affair, and—" I drew myself up with dignity, and gave him a freezing look.

"One question first. Is it to the man himself you object?"

"Yes."

"Why? Is it his disposition, or temperament, or personal appearance that you dislike?"

"I know nothing of either."

"Have you never seen his photograph?"

"Yes. It is like you a little." (In my heart I wished that it were more so, and that Horace Leigh resembled his friend in other respects too, for in that case I might not have objected to the conditions of Uncle John's will.)

I was surprised to see him show such confusion at this answer. "Like me?" he stammered.

"Yes, there is a slight resemblance in the shape of the features, and that is all. The expression is widely different. But, instead of one question, you have asked me four."

"Have I? And yet you haven't told me why you are so prejudiced against my friend. Is it a case similar to the one of 'Doctor Fell?'"

I laughed and shook my head, but remained silent.

"What! won't you give me an answer?"

"No."

He couldn't hide his vexation.

I began to be a little distrustful, he was such a devoted champion of Mr. Leigh. What if he should betray me to the enemy? A sort of reserve crept into my manner; conversation flagged; the shadow of Horace Leigh fell athwart us. 'Twas in vain that he tried to lift it, or win me back to the old frank way of speaking; I was guarded, reticent.

Night came on. Something happened to the engine; we were detained a long time. And oh! with what a homesick feeling I looked out into the darkness. My heart was heavy as lead, and there was a great lump in my throat, and tears rolled down my face in spite of all I could do.

"Poor child!" whispered some one at my side.

At that I flushed up angrily.

"It will be eight o'clock to-morrow before we reach Kansas City," continued the same voice. "How will you pass the night?"

"As the rest do," replied I, curtly.

"Will you remain here, or shall I secure you a berth in the sleeping-car?"

"Thank you. I prefer to stay where I am."

"As you please;" and, leaving his shawl, he went into another seat, that I might have a better opportunity to rest.

Never did I pass such a long, tedious night. I was awake most of the time, for if by chance I fell into a nap, it was brief and unsatisfactory.

I welcomed the morning gladly. So did Mr. ——. (Wasn't it strange he hadn't told me his name yet?)

"I have a business appointment," explained he. "Otherwise, I shouldn't have minded the delay."

"When do you return to St. Louis?" questioned I, for now that we were going to part, I could afford to be civil.

"I can't tell exactly, but within a week. And you?"

"It is uncertain. Maybe not for months."

He looked at me strangely. "What! are you so embittered against Horace Leigh that you're willing to exile yourself on his account?"

I was full of wrath and consternation; hadn't I forbidden him to mention that name in my presence?

Just then we reached the depot, people began to hurry past us; I turned to leave him without a word.

"Stay!" he commanded, in a low voice. "I have not told you my name yet. Can you guess it?"

What did he mean? I raised my eyes slowly, scanned his face, and a faint perception of the truth dawned upon me.

Yes, the "hero of the curls," the genial travelling companion, was—

"Horace Leigh!" exclaimed he, laughing, "the man from whom you thought to flee, but with whom you have run away."

Although covered with confusion, I couldn't resist the contagion of his merriment.

Can you guess the sequel? Had we met under other circumstances, we might have hated each other; as it is, we did the opposite.

The explanation that I gave Aunt Martha, however, of the causes that had led to my visit, was jumbled up sadly. But she welcomed me cordially, and was very much disappointed when, soon after my arrival, a telegram arrived from St. Louis, demanding my immediate return thither. It was in answer to one I sent. But if mamma had known that Mr. Horace Leigh was in Kansas City, she would have borne my absence with more equanimity.

I told her of it afterward, for of course he found it convenient to accompany me home, I more than half suspected that his "business" was as much of a ruse as my trip to Webster, and that he was only too glad to seize on the slightest pretext for getting away from St. Louis—and me! For the will found no more favor in his eyes than in mine, and so great were our mutual prejudices that, if we had not become acquainted incognito, the barrier that separated us would never have been crossed.

My unexpected "trip" created quite a little commotion at home. But everything was forgotten and forgiven when I returned, safe and sound, under the escort of Mr. Leigh.

One word as to the party. I wore the peach-blossom silk, and a new set of curls, and "looked like a princess," so mamma said. And some one else endorsed her verdict, adding, "But you didn't the first time we met."

I flushed with mortification.

"Such a chase as your bewitching eyes led me after those curls," added he. "And yet you scarcely rewarded me with a look. 'Twasn't exactly 'love at first sight,'" and he laughed, "but something like it, for when I met you the next morning, my heart gave a little throb of exultation, and—"

"So did not mine."

"Oh, you were vexed at first, and shy, and embarrassed, but I finally broke through your reserve, and caught glimpses of a charming, womanly nature, and—" what is the use of repeating the rest? You all understand by this time that not only Mrs. Leigh and mamma, but Horace and I, are reconciled to Uncle John's will, and "How it Happened."

☞ It is estimated that during the last five centuries more than $250,000,000 worth of real estate has been washed away from the eastern coast of England by the encroachments of the sea. A number of villages and towns which used to be set down on the old maps have entirely disappeared.

NEWS OF THE WEEK.

CHICAGO, Oct. 17.—The movement for a resumption of business is extending to all the branches of trade. Thus far one hundred and twenty-five bodies have been recovered, and it is believed that the first estimates of loss of life were greatly exaggerated. A number of persons supposed to be dead, have been discovered alive and well.

THE WESTERN FIRES.—News received at Detroit, on Saturday, of the Michigan fires, more than confirms the previous reports of desolation. Almost the entire lake shore is deserted, the people having to fly for their lives, and saving nothing. Gen. Cutcheon, of Manistee, arrived at Grand Rapids, with his wife and children, having lost everything except the clothing they had on. Thus far the reported loss of life reaches two to three thousand, and it is feared that more have perished. The survivors are utterly destitute. The churches of Detroit, yesterday, took up collections in aid of the sufferers.

TERRIBLE STORM.—The severest storm known for twenty years, swept over Nova Scotia and New Brunswick on Friday night. At Halifax the tide rose two feet over the wharves, many vessels were injured, and several lives were lost. Telegraphic and railroad communication between Bedford and Halifax were suspended, by the prostration of wires, and washing away of embankments. The damage by the hurricane is estimated at $200,000.

Another furious gale, succeeding a heavy rain, prevailed at Montreal on Sunday. A number of wooden tenements and brick walls were blown down, the roof of the new church of St. George was started, and the steeple of the Cathedral "rocked like a ship's mast." The alarm in the Cathedral was so great that the congregation rushed out before the end of the service. Miss Anne Lowe was killed by the fall of a tree, and a number of persons were injured, some fatally, by falling signs and cornices. The storm was also violent at Kingston, where several vessels dragged anchors. Several disasters are reported on Lake Ontario, one schooner being probably a total wreck.

The Secretary of the Treasury has authorized the issue of $1,500,000 United States notes to take the place of those burned at Chicago.

The Secretary of the Navy, on Saturday, ordered five cadets to be dismissed from the Naval Academy, for "hazing." He is determined to stop this disgraceful practice.

A San Francisco despatch reports that "fires prevail in the mountains, the whole length of California."

Salt Lake City has contributed $25,000 to the relief of Chicago.

Snow fell at Rawlin's Station, in Wyoming, last Thursday, to the depth of from three to four feet. A passenger train was delayed for twelve hours, "with nothing to eat and very little fuel." A severe snow storm occurred at Santa Fe, New Mexico, on Sunday.

October 18.—Despatches from Gloucester, Mass., report a serious trouble arising from the operation of the fishery laws. A few days ago the American schooner E. A. Horton, seized for trespass on the Canadian fisheries, was taken from the harbor of Gaysboro', Nova Scotia, by a party of men supposed to have been sent for the purpose from Gloucester, Mass. The vessel is now due at Gloucester, and was spoken off the coast on Monday night. It was reported that a British gunboat arrived off Cape Ann on Monday, to recapture the E. A. Horton and take her back to Nova Scotia. B. S. Smith, Surveyor of Customs at Gloucester, telegraphed to the Commandant of the Charlestown Navy Yark, asking him to send a gunboat, for the protection of the fugitive schooner in American waters, and the request was at once acceded to, the gunboat Fortune being sent on. The Fortune, after a cruise off the coast, returned to Gloucester yesterday, without having seen either the schooner or the British gunboat.

In Chicago, the total number of dead bodies on which inquests have been held thus far is 92. It is supposed more will be discovered when the debris is removed.

Comptroller Hurlburd telegraphs that the banks of the city are sound, and paying every dollar on demand.

Governor Baldwin has issued a proclamation to the people of Michigan, calling their attention to the almost entire ruin of several counties of their state by the forest fires, and to the destitute condition of the homeless survivors. He appeals for prompt contributions for their relief during the approaching inclement season.

Accounts have been received in St. Louis of destructive fires extending from Deer Creek and Harrison Creek Valleys, in Northern Kansas, to Jefferson county, Nebraska. Large quantities of hay, grain, and other crops, miles of fences, and several houses and barns have been burned. The loss is estimated at from $30,000 to $50,000.

The weather in California continues hot and dry.

The steamship Scotia arrived at New York from Liverpool last night. Among her passengers were Mr. George W. Childs, Dr. Peterson, R. E. Peterson, Jr., all of this city, and Sothern, the actor.

October 19.—In Chicago, the work of restoration is going on. The Board of Trade has fairly resumed business, and the receipts and shipments of grain are very heavy. The deposits in the banks are large, and very little money is called for. The solvent insurance companies are paying their losses without the usual formalities of adjustment. Architects who yesterday surveyed the Tribune building report the walls and most of the floors good, and that it can be repaired for $50,000—less than one-fourth its original cost. The Times, which resumed publication yesterday, estimates the total losses by the fire at $150,000,000.

The President of a Chicago bank, which corresponds with the Metropolitan National Bank of New York city, telegraphed yesterday that deposits had largely increased and money was abundant; that no currency would be needed from New York, and their remittances to that city would be large.

THE WESTERN FIRES.—The forest fires in the Northwest have been extinguished by recent rains. Contributions to relieve the sufferers are being started throughout the country. Though the pecuniary loss by these fires is much smaller than that by the Chicago catastrophe, the loss of life and amount of human suffering is far greater.

The Secretary of War has authorized Gen. Sheridan to relieve, as far as in his power, the sufferers by the Michigan and Wisconsin fires.

UTAH.—At Salt Lake City, George Q. Cannon, editor of the News, and Mormon elder, was arranged before Justice McKean on Tuesday, for immorality. He pleaded not guilty.

CALIFORNIA.—A white man in Eureka, Cal., has murdered his Chinese "washerman," because the latter refused to give him his clothes without being paid for washing them.

Los Angelos and San Bernardino counties, Cal., are swept by sand storms from the Colorado and Majavo deserts. Over 50,000 sheep have been scattered in the mountains by these storms and lost.

October 20.—The schooner E. A. Horton arrived at Gloucester, Mass., on Wednesday night, and received quite an ovation from the fishermen. She reports that Cape Ann was the first land seen after leaving the colonial coast, and that she saw nothing of any gunboat, English or American.

The judicial and charter elections in California, just held, have resulted in large Republican majorities throughout the state. In San Francisco the whole Republican and Tax Payers' ticket has a majority of 1,200 to 5,000, though Dolos Lake, Dem., is thought to be elected Municipal Judge.

A sharp earthquake shock was felt in Augusta, Me., yesterday afternoon, at about forty minutes past four o'clock. The telegraph says it lasted "10 to 11 *minutes*," but *seconds* are probably meant. The shock was felt lightly at Wiscasset.

The City Council of Montreal, on Wednesday night, voted $50,000 for the Chicago relief fund. This makes Montreal's total contribution about $100,000.

Wm. B. Washburne has written a letter accepting the Republican nomination for Governor of Massachusetts.

FOREIGN NEWS.

GREAT BRITAIN.

The Times has a leading article in which, reviewing the Chicago conflagration and the great fires now ravaging the fields of the Northwest, and adducing the prompt action of the United States authorities in suppressing the attempted Fenian invasion of Manitoba under General O'Neill, it draws the conclusion that England and Englishmen are herein furnished with every incentive to labor and to give for the alleviation of the suffering caused by the dreadful calamities in the West.

Nearly all the railway, express and steamer lines have announced their readiness to transport contributions for the Chicago sufferers free of charge.

The Chicago relief subscriptions in London have reached eighty-five thousand dollars.

LONDON, Oct. 16.—Mr. Bradlaw, at an immense meeting here to-night, declared the Queen was insane, and demanded a Regency to be entrusted to the Judges of Law and Equity until a Republic was established.

An address has been issued by representative working men, demanding the separation of Church and State in England. The address announces that meetings of workingmen will be held throughout the country in support of this movement.

The Chicago relief subscriptions which have been opened in the various cities throughout Great Britain have met with cordial responses, and the outgoing steamers from all our ports will carry large contributions both in money and materials.

LONDON, Oct. 17.—The destruction of Chicago is still the all-absorbing topic here. The newspapers continue their appeals to the people, and it deserves to be said the people respond gloriously. The Mayor appends an exhortation to continue the subscriptions until the amount devoted to the cause be worthy of the emergency and of the great city of London. This morning the subscriptions at Liverpool were £10,000; at Leeds, £400; at Cork, £400; at Dublin, £1300, and at Hanley, £400. Birmingham has already forwarded the first installment of £2000. A relief meeting was held at Sheffield to-day, the Mayor presiding, at which £2000 was collected in a few minutes. Several leading merchants and manufacturers contributed £250 each. The newspapers comment at length upon the fires at Chicago and in the Northwest, and deplore the paucity of details. In such a case as this, the excessive tariff charged by the Atlantic Cable monopoly becomes a public misfortune.

LONDON, Oct. 17.—The details received here of the recent storms and floods in China represent the loss of life and property to have been very great. At least three thousand persons are said to have perished.

The Lord Mayor has received a telegram of thanks from the Mayor of Chicago.

FRANCE.

PARIS, Oct. 15.—Traffic by the Mount Cenis tunnel begins to-morrow, the lines of railroads connecting with the tunnel having been completed.

PARIS, Oct. 18.—The final ratification by France of the treaty with Germany has been despatched to Berlin. By the terms of the treaty the six Departments to be evacuated by the Germans are declared neutral territory in a military point of view until stipulated payments of indemnity are completed. During the time these Departments are not to be occupied by French troops, and should France not fulfill her financial obligations they may be re-occupied by the Germans.

October 19.—The amount contributed by Americans in Paris for the relief of Chicago is 131,055 francs.

RUSSIA.

LONDON, Oct. 17.—Advices from Odessa state that eight hundred buildings in the town of Bogvosloy had been burned by incendiary fires, believed to be the work of the fanatical oppressors of the Jews. The great proportion of the inhabitants of the town are of Jewish faith.

THE CHOLERA.

LONDON, Oct. 17.—Constantinople advices state that the cholera has again appeared, and in two days sixty persons died, ten of whom were Englishmen.

PERSIA.

LONDON, Oct. 19.—Later advices from Teheran show that Persia is still suffering from famine and pestilence, and the disorganization and disturbances which these calamities have induced.

BASE BALL NEWS, &c.

HARVARDS VS. BOSTONS.

BOSTON, Oct. 14.—The game of base ball to-day between the Harvards and Boston Nine resulted in favor of the latter by a score of 16 to 8.

MUTUALS VS. BOSTON.

BOSTON, Oct. 17.—In the exhibition game of base ball to-day, the Mutuals, of New York, scored 8, and the Boston 15.

ATHLETICS VS. MUTUALS.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 18.—The fifth and deciding game of the championship series between the Athletics, of this city, and Mutuals, of New York, was played this afternoon, and resulted in a decisive victory for the Athletics. The following is the score by innings:—

Mutuals	1	0	0	0	2	1	0	0	3	—7
Athletics	0	1	1	0	9	1	0	0	8	—21

ATHLETICS VS. MUTUALS.

Benefit Chicago Sufferers.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 19.—Two mixed nines from the Athletic and Mutual Clubs played a game to-day for the benefit of the Chicago sufferers. The following is the score:—

A MAN being overtaken by a shower, sought shelter from the rain in the house of a negro fiddler. On entering, he found the negro in the only dry spot in the house—the chimney-corner—as happy as a clam, fiddling most merrily. Our traveller tried to keep dry, but the rain came in from all quarters. "Jack," said he, "why don't you fix your house?" "Oh, 'cause 'er rain so I can't." "But why don't you fix it when it don't rain?" "Oh, when 'er don't rain, 'er don't need no fixing!"

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR—9000 bbls, including superfine at $5,75@6; middling at $6 extra at $6,25,50; Wisconsin and Minnesota extra family at $7,25@7,75; Pennsylvania do do at $8,75@7,50; Indiana and Ohio do do at $7@7,50, and Missouri and St. Louis fancy at $8@9. Rye Flour sells at $5.

GRAIN—Wheat—Sales of 20,000 bus at $1,55@1,59 for Penna red; $1,54@1,60 for Western; $1,55@1,58 for Delaware; amber at $1,58@1,60, and fair and choice white at $1,60@1,75. Rye—Western commands 94@95c. Corn—Sales of 70,000 bus yellow at 72@73c, and Western mixed at 80@80c. Oats—Sales of 55,000 bus Western mixed and white at 47@51c. Barley—15,000 bus Western sold at 85@91c, and some New York four-rowed at 93c. Barley Malt is nominal at $1,10@1,20.

PROVISIONS—Sales of Mess Pork at $14,50. Beef Hams command $23@24. Dried Beef may be quoted at 18@20c. Bacon—Sales sugar-cured city smoked Hams at 14@15½c; Excelsior Hams at 16c; ribbed sides at 8½@9c, and shoulders at 8c. Green Meats—Sales of pickled Hams at 11½@12½c, and shoulders, in salt, at 7c. Lard—Sales at 10½@10¾c for Western steam and kettle rendered, and Napbey's pails at 13½c. Cheese—sales of New York factory at 13@14c. Butter—Bradford county fresh pails 28@32c; New York state fresh pails and tubs 26@32c; Ohio and Western fresh tubs, choice, 20@25c; pale yellow baking butter 9@12c; Pennsylvania roll 18@22c. Eggs—Sales of Pennsylvania and Delaware at 23@25c.

COTTON—Sales of 600 bales at 19¼c for middling upland, and 20¼c for New Orleans.

BARK sells at $25 ₩ ton for No. 1 Quercitron.

BEESWAX sells at 32@33½c ₩ lb for Yellow.

HAY—Prime Timothy ray, ₩ 100 lbs., $1,50@1,60; mixed $1,30@1,40; Straw $1,10@1,25.

IRON—700 tons of No 1 sold at $37@37,50; 700 tons of No 2 at $35. Bar Iron is quoted at $70,50@94, and nails at $4,50 ₩ keg.

FRUIT—Green Apples are worth $2@3,50, and Cranberries $7@10,50 ₩ bbl.

SEEDS—New Cloverseed sells at 10@10½c, and old at $4½c. Timothy may be quoted at $4,80@5,05, and Flaxseed sells at $1,90.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKET.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 3500 head, and sold at 6½@7c. 200 Cows brought $35@50 ₩ head. Sheep—12,000 head were disposed of at 4½@5½c. ₩ lb. 3800 Hogs sold at $6,50@7,25 ₩ 100 lbs net.

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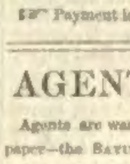

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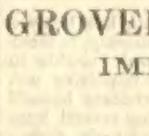

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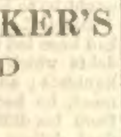

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No. 1.—The round of the head.	No. 1.—From forehead back as far as bald.
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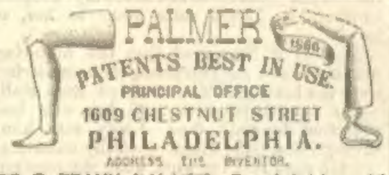

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WIT AND HUMOR.

SAYINGS OF PRENTICE OF THE "LOUISVILLE JOURNAL."

"An editor in Michigan, talking of corn, professes to have two ears fifteen inches long. Some folks are remarkable for the length of their two ears."

"'Doctor, what do you think is the cause of this frequent rush of blood to my head?'—'Oh! it is nothing but an effort of nature. Nature, you know, *abhors a vacuum*.'"

"The editor of the G—— says he hopes to reach the truth. He is laying out for himself a long journey. He had better make his will before he starts."

"'Will you have the kindness to hand me the butter before you?' said a gentleman politely at a table to an ancient maiden. 'I am no waiter, sir.' 'Is that so? I thought, from your appearance, you had been waiting a long time.'"

"A Western rhymer says that he writes only when an angel troubles his soul. We don't know that the fact of his own soul's being troubled gives him the right to trouble the souls of other people."

"'You seem to walk more erect than usual, my friend.' 'Yes; I have been straitened by circumstances.'"

"A well-known writer says that a fine coat covers a multitude of sins. It is still truer that such coats cover a multitude of sinners."

"'Boy, how did you manage to get such a big string of fish.' 'I *hooked* them sir.'"

"'Landlord, you do me too much honor; you let me sleep among the big bugs last night.' 'Oh! don't be too modest, my dear lodger; I doubt not they have your own blood running in their veins.

THE NATURE OF AN OATH.

Early in the rebellion, when the Federal forces were stationed at Beaufort, S. C., there was an old darkey by the name of Lige Jackson, who, deserted by his master, was left to take care of himself as best he might. Lige was considered a chattle of weak intellect, and, moreover, he was exceedingly awkward in his attempts to play the role of a house servant. He smashed and destroyed pretty nearly everything he laid his hands upon, and having waited upon nearly every officer at the post, each in turn, after giving him the benefit of some hard language for his stupidity, turned him adrift.

It happened that Lige was a witness in a case that came before a court martial, and being called up to give his testimony, was objected to on the part of the defendant, who stated that he didn't believe the nigger was of sound mind.

"Stand up, Lige," said the court. "Do you understand the nature of an oath?"

Lige scratched his wool for a moment, and then turning up the whites of his eyes, replied:

Look a yeare, marse; dis nigger has waited on 'bout haf de ossifers since dey fus cum to dis place, and if he don't understand de nature of an oaf by dis time, den dares no virtue in cussing."

The court considered Lige a competent witness.

RAILWAY CONVERSATION.

"Say, conductor, what's the next station?"
"The next station is North Skunkville."
"Then comes—"
"Skunkville."
"Ah!—and then—"
"South Skunkville."
"And the next one, I suppose, is—"
"Skunkville Centre."
"Certain! and then we are at—"
"Little Skunkville."
"Yes, exactly, and then—"
"Big Skunkville."
"Um!" passenger begins to think Skunkville and its dependencies extend the entire length of the road. "Um! and then we come to—"
"Skunkville Forks."
"Yaas—and then—"
"Skunkville Pump."
"Good gracious! and the next station—"
"Upper Skunkville."
"Thunder! and then comes—"
"Lower Skunkville, Little North Skunkville, Big South Skunkville, Skunkville Branch, New Skunkville, and—"
"Well; and what then—"
"Old Skunkville."
"Conductor, don't this road run through a skunk's graveyard? If it don't it ought to."

A FIGHTING EDITOR.

An exchange in Northern Texas describes an individual it would be handy to have in an office. Hear him:

"A fighting editor has been employed on this paper. He weighs 480 pounds. His fists are the very tools of death; his hair is very short, his eyes are black; his boots are No. 13. O, he is a monster, this fighting man of ours! He goes for a man like an ant for green cheese, or a rooster for a grasshopper. He was never thrashed. Oh! he is a whale! He ate nineteen cans of oysters at our office the other night and called for more. He is the heaviest instrument of total and eternal punishment on record! Come to us, ye lean and lank specimens of humanity, spit on our boots if you dare, slide down our cellar doors if you can, and if our Wallapus don't everlastingly go for you, then size and belt have nothing in them.

The Legend of the Editor and the Subscribers.—A story is told of an editor who died, went to Heaven, but was denied admittance, lest he should meet some delinquent subscribers, and bad feelings be engendered in that peaceful clime. Having to go somewhere, the editor next appeared in the regions of darkness, but was positively refused admittance, as the place was full of delinquent subscribers. Wearily the editor turned back to the celestial city, and was met by the watchman at the portals with a smile, who said: "I was mistaken, you can enter—there is not a delinquent subscriber in Heaven."

A polite old gentleman of Oswego wears a wig. One windy morning he was unlucky enough to express the wish that his hat was stuck to his head in the hearing of a mischievous nephew. The nephew took the hint, and manilaged the old gentleman's hat. Old gentleman went down the street; met handsome young lady acquaintance, in whose opinion he would stand well; politely attempted to lift his hat. Consequence better imagined than described.

One of Lamb's Jokes.—A law in England prohibits the painting of advertisements on the walls, and the punishment for the offence is heavy. One day a fellow was discovered in the act. He had written WARREN'S B, when he had to beat a hasty retreat in order to escape arrest. Charles Lamb, who was passing at the time, and reading what had been painted on the wall, remarked that the rest was evidently *lacking*.

A Curious Rooster.—California's latest curiosity is a rooster with two sets of legs, one on his back. When he is weary of standing in his natural position, it is gravely asserted, he turns a somersault, and walks off upside down; and when he takes a drink he immediately turns over, so as to swallow it the more easily. But it is in a free fight that he shows to the greatest advantage; for he is a terrible fighter, and when thus diverting himself looks like a revolving wheel, turning somersaults incessantly, and kicking in every direction.

An Alabama paper published the following notice: "Married, at Flintstone, by the Rev. Windstone, Mr. Nehemiah Sandstone and Miss Wilhelmina Whetstone, both of Limestone." Look out for brimstone next.

A "Wolf in Sheep's Clothing."

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY HELEN HARCOURT.

"Yes, it does indeed seem strange," said Caspar Munroe, "that you, my most intimate friend, my *brother*,—I may say,—have never yet seen my affianced bride, although she has been such these three months or more."

"Strange, but true," responded his companion stretching himself lazily before the blazing fire. "That is one of the beauties of being an exile for nearly a year—Hang it, Casp, if I leave New York again, for anyone. I mean to settle down here now; next door to the firm of Andrews & Co., would be the situation I should like best. Let them drive me away again if they can!"

And with a dark frown on his face, the speaker rose, and began to pace the room.

"Carl, Carl," said Munroe, warningly—"As your true friend, I would bid you remember that you have only yourself to blame for all this trouble, and it seems to me that to require you to leave the country for a year, was the least punishment the firm could have inflicted on you. You know, Carl, as well as I do, that it was only my interference in your behalf that saved you from ——"

"From *prison!* Yes, I know all that. You need not so kindly remind me of my youthful indiscretions—Casp, my dear fellow, forgive me. I cannot yet bear an allusion to that escapade,——"

"*Escapade!* is that all you term it?"

"Well, then, *crime*, if you will have the word hard and square!" cried Carl Murray, angrily.

"There, there, do not get angry, old fellow, do not get angry. But for your own sake, Carl, I would have you remember your impulsive disposition, and think well before you defy Mr. Andrews. True, the money has been refunded, and the proofs against you are in my hands,—but he might still send abroad unpleasant rumors. People wondered at your so suddenly quitting the firm, and leaving America in such haste, but I defended you, Murray, until they ceased to whisper against your good name."

"I know it, I know it," cried his friend, placing his hand affectionately on the other's shoulder. "Man never possessed a truer friend than I do in you, Caspar. I am but an ungrateful brute, but I do not forget that but for you I should have been a convicted felon, serving my time out in Sing-Sing.—Casp—" he abruptly added, "does she, does Miss Willis know of this?"

"Think you, Murray, that I would betray my friend, even to her? No, no, that unhappy affair is your secret, not mine, and while I shall never keep back anything that concerns myself alone, from my future wife, yet will I never betray another's secret."

"You are a noble fellow, Munroe," exclaimed Carl, his handsome face lighting up with real admiration, as he looked on his friend. "And now, I am going to ask one more favor of you. Give me all the papers you have relating to that—that affair, and then we will drop the subject forever, unless I am some day rich enough to repay the sum you have wasted on me. Perhaps I shall follow in your footsteps and marry a rich orphan."

"I wish she were *not* so rich," said Caspar, quietly.

A few moments later, the required documents were in Murray's possession, and then he rose.

"Well, it is settled then that I meet you at the depot, to-morrow, for a fortnight's visit at Rose Hall? You are sure that Miss Willis and her chaperon aunt, included, are in the invitation?"

"Sure? yes, of course; and it will give me infinite pleasure to introduce my 'adopted brother,' as Laura calls you,—to her, at last."

And so it happened that the following evening found the two young men sauntering over the lawn which surrounded Rose Hall,—the one arm-in-arm with her who had promised to walk thus closely with him, through life,—the other dutifully entertaining the aged relative who, while she received a home at the hands of her niece, contributed not a little to lessen the latter's lonely life.

Carl Murray's *words* were addressed to the old lady, while his looks wandered to the young couple before them, with ill-concealed admiration of the stately beauty who clung so confidingly to his friend's arm.

"Well, Mr. Murray," said Mrs. Wood, at length, "it may do for you young folks to stay out in this evening air, but old people like me must be more careful: so I will retreat to the parlor. Go you, and join that absorbed pair yonder."

Left to his own devices, Carl disregarded the old lady's parting words; instead, he called to mind that trite proverb, "Three is one too many," and entering a thickly-shaded summer-house near by, threw himself down on the seat, to think.

Yes, to *think*, to meditate over the plans teeming in his brain,—for, weak, vain, self-loving Carl Murray entertained and fostered the wish that had crept into his heart when first he viewed the prize his friend had won.

To wrest the rich beauty from him,—yes,—but *how?*

Sorely puzzled how to set about his object, he heard voices approaching, and soon he distinguished Munroe's mellow tones.

"So you would never trust even *me* again, if you should find that I had ever deceived you, Laura,—is that what you mean?"

"That is hardly a fair question," was the reply. "But seriously, Caspar, I hope you will never try to conceal anything from me. I give you fair warning that I am naturally suspicious,—and if I was ever to have reason to believe that you were keeping a secret from me, I ——"

"*What* would you do, my fair tyrant?"

"I should be very unhappy, Caspar, and perhaps angry, too, for I can forgive anything more easily than deception or concealment."

"I am not afraid, my dearest," replied Caspar, "for I shall never put you to the test. Believe me, Laura, my happiness would be incomplete, could I not always go to you with all my hopes and fears, joys and sorrows,—trust me, Laura."

"I *do*, Caspar, fully and entirely trust you." And then they passed on, while Carl sat musing on the few words he had caught.

They suggested an idea to him.

Very soon he followed the young couple within doors.

He found a new-comer there, a neighbor who had come to spend a sociable evening, and as Carl entered the parlor, the old gentleman was speaking to Munroe.

"Your face is very familiar to me," he said—"I have surely met you before—ah—let me see,—yes, I have it! I have seen you at Andrews & Company,—have I not?"

I have been there, sir," replied Munroe, briefly, and then he abruptly turned the conversation; but his manner was so embarrassed, his face so dark and flushed, that Laura watched him in wondering silence.

Twice again, during the evening, did the persistant Mr. Ball refer to "Andrews & Co.," and spoke of a rumor he had heard of some breach of trust on the part of one of the clerks there, which had been hushed up by the firm.

Nor did it escape Laura Willis's keen eyes, keen in all which related to her betrothed, that on both of these occasions he changed color, and studiously avoided the subject.

That night, alone in his chamber, young Murray sat long, wrapped in deep thought.

At last he rose, and spreading a paper open before him, took an inkstand from his valise and carefully erased a few words, while here and there with a few skillful strokes of his pen he altered those which he allowed to remain otherwise untouched.

"There!" he muttered, half aloud; "now am I ready for the campaign. To win Laura Willis and her wealth—yes, that is my aim now, and when I make up my mind to do a thing, I generally succeed. If Caspar were only at a distance there would be more hope for me, but I must do my best as it is. She is already suspicious that he conceals some mystery connected with Andrews & Co. *That* is the key I must play on. Ah! Carl Murray, you were born a villain, I do believe, but ha! ha! I mean that you shall be a successful one, and no more is needed to keep you straight with the world! If Munroe were only out of the way!"

Fortune, fickle jade that she is, seemed resolved to bestow on Murray all the aid in her power, for scarcely had the breakfast meal been cleared away the following morning, when a telegram was received by Munroe from the firm in which he had recently become interested, requiring him to return to the city without delay.

It was impossible to ignore the summons, and very reluctantly Caspar posted back to New York, leaving Murray a hostage, as he laughingly said, for his speedy return.

The latter accompanied his friend to the station, and drawing a long breath of relief as the train bore away the man whom he basely sought to supplant, he paced slowly back to Rose Hall.

Springing upon a low stone post which supported the iron gate at the entrance into the extensive grounds, the young man looked earnestly about him.

"Ah! there is the lady, as I expected. She will pass this spot directly. Now then, Carl Murray, is the time to spring your first mine beneath the foundations of her love for Munroe."

To conceal himself in the thick woods which skirted the path was but the work of an instant; but as he disappeared, a small folded paper fluttered from his hand and rested in the centre of the gravelled walk.

Not long did it thus remain, however.

"What a careless fellow that Caspar is!" thought his betrothed as she stood with the paper in her hand—"at least, I suppose this is his; there is no address outside."

And, after a moment's hesitation, she opened the paper that she might gain a clew to its ownership.

It was very unlike Laura Willis to peruse a document not intended for her eyes, but, at the first words her glance rested upon, she started, and then read hastily, breathlessly on with blanched cheeks and quivering frame.

Let us too, look upon that apparently insignificant scrap of paper, which yet has thus agitated the proud, high-spirited girl.

"The firm of Andrews & Co. possess proofs amply sufficient to secure the conviction of their late clerk, Cas—— Mun——, yet, in consideration of the urgent entreaties of one greatly esteemed by them, and of his promise that the value of the notes (to the amount of $200,) appropriated by the said C. M., shall be repaid to them, they hereby pledge their word not to prosecute the latter for the crime of which he has been guilty.

"Andrews & Co."

Sick and faint the young girl staggered to a rustic seat near by, crushing the paper in her hand.

But suddenly her eyes brightened, and she spread it open before her again, half believing that her senses had deceived her; rather *they* than Caspar Munroe, whom she had thought to be the soul of honor; it *could* not be that he had been guilty of theft from his employers, and then had concealed his crime from her!

But no! there were the fatal words, bearing date some months back,—ay, even to the very month in which, as she remembered with a fresh pang, Caspar had suddenly left the firm in whose employ he had been so many years.

There had evidently been an attempt made to erase his name, but Laura had experienced no difficulty in tracing the first three letters of each of those two all-important words.

Then, too, she could not but recall Caspar's embarrassment on the preceding evening when his connection with that firm had been alluded to; and then, had not Mr. Ball spoken of a rumor that had reached his ears of some misconduct on the part of one of the clerks employed in that establishment?

With a moan of bitter anguish Laura Willis covered her face with her hands, little recking that in so doing she shielded her agitated features from the piercing gaze of one who gazed upon her—not calmly, ah no! for he had too much at stake, but with secret exultation in the complete success of his nefarious scheme.

The sun was sinking below the horizon when Laura returned to the house, and then, excusing herself on the plea of headache, she at once retired to her apartment to wrestle alone with her grief.

But she was not one to lay bear her sorrows before the world, and when she greeted her aunt and Carl Murray on the following morning none would have dreamed that deep down in her heart lay a shattered idol, once worshipped as of purest gold, but which, alas! had proved to be but clay.

To learn from Murray, who had been in such close companionship with Caspar from early boyhood—to learn from him, gradually and without exciting his suspicion of her own ignorance—all the facts relating to Caspar's connection with Andrews & Co.,—this was the task she had set herself.

Her reason was convinced, but her heart refused to believe; and in the desperate hope that Carl Murray's unconscious testimony might refute the contents of that fatal paper, she resolved to question him.

The young man was easily led on to relate the miserable story of wrong-doing, knowing, as he was careful to state, that poor Caspar had of course concealed nothing from her, and that thus he should violate no confidence by replying to any questions she might wish to ask, however painful they might be to him to answer.

And so Laura heard from him how Munroe had been led by evil companionship, to incur debts which he found himself unable to liquidate; and how, in an impulsive moment, he had sought to extricate himself from his difficulties by taking several hundred dollars from his employer's desk—meaning to replace it as soon as it was in his power—but before that time had come, the loss was discovered, and traced to him.

"But Andrews & Co. did not prosecute him:" Carl concluded.

"Because *you* interceded for him," said Laura, warmly; "it was a noble act, Mr. Murray. And now, good-evening. Thanks for your information, which is more complete than that which Mr. Munroe could bring himself to give me."

And then she turned away, too proud to acknowledge that Caspar had so grossly deceived her—he who had made so many professions of perfect candor.

The next morning a telegram went flashing over the wires to Caspar Munroe.

"Do not come back. I will write.

"L. W."

And Laura did write,—a few bitter words, telling him of the discovery she had made, and bidding him farewell forever.

Then she went out to post the letter at the station with her own hands, and returning again, she entered the path where had lain the fatal paper which had wrecked all her hopes in life.

She paused in surprise as she approached the rustic seat, for beneath it lay an open diary; and as she stooped to raise it, a few words on the page before her—dated but one day back—arrested her attention.

Impelled, as it seemed to her, by some power foreign to her own will, she read on, a few lines only, but they were enough—ay! enough to bring back life and light to her stricken heart.

What an engine of power is the pen! How oft has it proved the traitor's friend, how oft, too, has it, as now, proved his detective!

"Well done, Carl Murray! You will yet succeed, and win the heiress for your own. She believes Caspar to have deceived her, to have nearly tricked her into marrying a thief. So Caspar is cut out, and the coast is clear for me."

There was more written there on that open page, but Laura had seen enough.

With a heart full of conflicting emotions, but rising above, and overpowering all others,—a sense of shame and self-abasement, that she should so easily have been made to distrust her noble Caspar, she rose, and stood face to face with Carl Murray.

He had stepped hastily from the thicket, not observing her proximity, and now paused before her in deep confusion, his glance resting uneasily on the book Miss Willis held in her hand.

"You were looking for this, Mr. Murray?" she said, with chilling politeness, "here it is. Pardon me if I acknowledge that in lifting the open book from the ground, I unavoidably read a few lines of the last entry you have made in it. I need say no more, sir, save farewell forever. May you live to merit the forgiveness I freely offer you."

Then she left him without another word, and he, his face crimson with shame and anger, went back to Rose Hall.

When its mistress returned, an hour later, she found her worthy aunt in great perplexity over Carl Murray's hurried departure.

"These business men are always so flighty," observed the sagacious old lady; "one minute they're here, and the next they are nowhere."

Swifter than the train which bore the detected traitor citywards, flashed along the wires a second message to Caspar Munroe:

"Come to me at once. I was wrong.

"L. W."

Contradictory messages he thought them, in sore anxiety and perplexity, for Laura's letter had not yet reached him.

He took the next train to Rose Hall, and there his affianced told him all, naught concealing or extenuating, how she had observed and wondered at his evident confusion when Mr. Ball had alluded to Andrews & Co., how she had found the paper which had so nearly wrecked both their lives, and how she had read the record of Murray's treachery in his own handwriting.

"I do not wonder at your distrusting me, my darling," said Caspar, pressing the repentant girl to his heart. "You could not fail to see that there was some secret in connection with the subject, and that too after my solemn assurance that there should be no secret of mine kept from you. But this was not my own, and I felt that I had no right to betray my friend's secret, even to you. I did not know that I had been warming a viper at my heart. Look well at this paper now, Laura; see how carefully he has erased all the *last* letters of his name, and yet left those that correspond with mine, so that they might readily be traced! See, the Cas—— is plain enough—he turned the r into an s; then the Mun——; here he has joined the two r's of his own name, making an *n* of them. Yes, dear, things did look dark against me, not only as having broken my promise to you, but as being a—"

"Hush, Caspar, I will not let you say it! I shall never, never distrust you again. I am ashamed to think that I had so little faith in you that—"

"A wolf in sheep's clothing" could shatter it? That is what you would say, my dear one; but never mind, it is all over now, and our faith in each other is established on a firmer foundation than before. But, oh! Laura, it wrings my heart to think that the friend I loved and trusted, and—yes, I will tell you now Laura, what I had never meant to tell to human being. I paid from my own salary the sum he took from the firm, and to do so immediately, sacrificed my permanent position and prospect of advancement there to accept one that paid a higher salary, but was only temporary. But for this I should have told you of my love long before I did. But now, look up, Laura, for 'all is well that ends well,' and this cloud has but drawn us closer."

SAVE US FROM OUR FRIENDS!

(ESPECIALLY PRACTICAL JOKERS.)

As soon as Slowbury was "engaged," he received every post aprongful of advertisements and tradesmen's circulars, and letters (apparently) from enterprising upholsterers, as if the fact was known all over town! The annoyance to one of his sensitive and retiring nature, may be imagined!

Answers to Correspondents.

To Contributors.—All manuscripts sent to us should have the price marked upon them if any is desired. Writers of no literary reputation should be satisfied at first if a good field is afforded them to display their talents and gain a name. We do not guarantee the safe return of manuscript, but endeavor to return it safely when desired, and when the requisite stamps are sent. Articles may be good of their kind, and not be suitable for our purposes. Experienced and popular writers will find us ever ready to give their articles prompt attention.

L. C. (Bourbonville) writes: "I have taken your very interesting paper for about a year, and this week it comes in an enlarged sheet, and much improved in appearance, and I find it, if possible, more entertaining than before, and the most interesting feature, in my estimation, is the correspondents' column. You are so good in giving advice to others that I thought I would ask your assistance in my case. What I wish to ask you is this. Where do you think I can get suitable employment for the winter? I have tried teaching, but I do not like the occupation. I have a good common school education, but would rather put it to some other use than in teaching. I can sew, or knit, or do fancy work, and am willing to do almost anything else than teach. Do you think it would be advisable for me to leave the country and go to the city to find employment? If I stay here I shall have to try teaching, as there is nothing else I can find to do, and I think there are teachers enough now." We are obliged for your appreciation of our paper, and wish we were able to point out some ready avenue of employment for you. Many ladies are very glad to get the opportunity of teaching, which seems so distasteful to you. However you may dislike it, we should advise you to keep at it until some more pleasant employment offers. Though all avenues of labor appear closed now, by waiting and watching a short time you may be enabled to better your condition. Do not come to the city, unless you have positive assurance of permanent employment in advance.

Rex. (Dupuoin, Ill.) says: "Ist. I am visiting a young lady for whom I have a great respect. When we are alone she does not appear to have any lack of respect for me, but shows the utmost respect towards me. But when we are in the presence of any of her folks she does not notice me only when I speak to her, and then she will bluff me off in an insulting manner, for which she will offer no apologies. What must I do? 2d. Is it proper for a gentleman to ask a young lady to correspond with him when parting, if he has been visiting her but a short time? 3d. How are marbles made?" Ist. The lady has probably private reasons of her own for not wishing to appear familiar with you before her family, and it may be that over sensitiveness on your part translates into insult what is not intended as such. If she unmistakably insults you, the redress is a very easy one. Cut her acquaintance. Otherwise, as she talks so freely with you when away from her folks, you had better take some such opportunity to demand an explanation of these mysterious points in her conduct. After hearing her views of the case, you will be much better able to decide what course to pursue. 2d. No, not unless he has made most excellent use of his opportunities, and has become very familiar on short acquaintance. Ladies usually prefer not to correspond with gentlemen except they be old and well-proved friends, and by asking her such a question you might place her in the disagreeable position of being obliged to refuse your request. 3d. Marbles are made by the use of the chisel and polishing processes. Full details of the manipulation of the raw material would occupy much more space than we have at command.

H. R. G., (Olmstead, Ky.,) asks: "Will you allow me to avail myself of the correspondents column to ask a few questions? What is the meaning of the work *Wrekin?* I cannot find the word in any dictionary that I have yet consulted. Macaulay, the historian, uses the word in the following sentence: 'For many miles around the Wrekin, in the language of the country gentlemen, to go to Shrewsbury was to go to town.' Can you tell me who wrote a little poem called 'The Bells of Shannon?' A friend of mine says Father Prout wrote it. Is not that a new *de plume?* I think a Catholic clergyman wrote the poem, but I do not think his name was Prout." The only case we know of the use of the word Wrekin is in the form, Wrekin dove, an English local term for the Turtle dove. The word, as used by Macaulay, may be a local one, and refer to something immediately surrounding Shrewsbury. Can any one of our readers help us in this matter? The poem you speak of was written by Francis Mahoney, an Irish writer and wit, who died in the year 1866. Your friend is right, however, as he wrote under the name of Father Prout.

W. P. (Harrisburg) asks: "Is it correct, under any circumstances, for a gentleman to bow or speak to a lady to whom he has not had a formal introduction? I am in the habit of meeting every day in the street a gentleman, and he has latterly been in the habit of bowing to me as he passes. It seems to me that I cannot, without rudeness, refuse to return his salutation. He has never spoken to me nor I to him, and I have reason to believe him every inch a gentleman. Yet some of my friends very decidedly object to my returning his bows. They say I am laying myself open to unpleasant criticism, and possibly to insult, and that the usages of good society condemn any such actions. I am sure that I can see nothing wrong in it, and so apply to you for advice. Please answer without delay." We are doubtedly of your friends' opinion. You ask if such a course would be right under any circumstances. Certainly. In the wide range of possible circumstances there might be cases in which almost any action would be right. But in the particular circumstance which you describe, we do not see what rudeness there would be in refusing to reply to the salutation of a stranger.

R. M. F. (Zanesville, O.,) says: "Excuse me for troubling you, I would not do it but that I am in need of some of your good advice. I am nineteen years of age, and am thrown much into society, but am so backward that I find myself very much abashed, particularly when in ladies' company, and unable to keep up a conversation. While my friends are gaily talking around me I sit in silence, unable to think of a word worth saying. Is there no method, or art of conversation which will enable me to overcome this difficulty? Would it be any advantage to me to study logic or rhetoric, or is there any other course of study which will improve my powers of conversation? You may well conceive that I will be grateful for any advice aiding me in this difficulty?" The trouble is in yourself, and neither logic nor rhetoric can help you out of it. If you keep silence how are you to apply rules of conversation? You must not imagine that a rattling tongue is a desirable acquisition. You need say but little, if you but say that little well, to make a better figure in society than many fluent talkers. We believe that it is generally agreed that bashfulness often results from a sensitive egotism, the bashful person being troubled too much with what his hearers will think of himself, too little with what they will think of his subject. Try to cultivate self-forgetfulness. Think only of the subjects discussed, nothing of yourself, and you will get along much more easily.

electricity (Philadelphia) asks: "Please tell me, through your paper, whether Professor Morton, who lectured last evening, is an American or not? If he has lived in Europe? And about his age? I think him twenty-five or thirty—others forty. Help us in this matter." He is an American, a native of Philadelphia, the son of Dr. Morton of this city; and has never lived in Europe. He is about thirty years of age.

A young lady lately explained to an editor the distinction between printing and publishing, and at the conclusion of her remarks, by way of illustration, she said: "You may print a kiss on my cheek, but you must not publish it."

RIDDLER.

ENIGMA.

I am composed of 4 letters.
Taken in my natural state, I am not a whole.
Behead me, and I am cunning itself.
Invert my letters, and I am a snare.
Curtailed and my letters inverted, I am a blow.
My 4, 2, 3, is a son of the sea.
My 3, 2, 4, is a small animal.

ERL.

A RIDDLE DIFFICULT TO GUESS.

By fraud or by force tho' my first be obtained,
Its owners when robbed of it make no complaint;
Of beauty and rank it is part of the state,
And alike of the learned, the wise, and the great.

Now, mark! in its centre if *I* should be found,
Like a Dryad of old, in stern durance I'm bound;
But oh! what a change, if 'tis *you* that be there!
Soft and warm 'twill enfold you, with fostering care.

My sensitive next, if disordered and tost,
Is so hurt that its name and its character's lost;
By the drunken and riotous though it be made,
Yet at court to its rise much attention is paid.

When from Eden expelled, toil and sorrow his dole,
On the bosom of earth Adam first made my whole;
On the steam-vessel's course, it is found in its track;
On the brow of the great, and on King David's back.

RIDDLE.

What ladies with a grace may feign,
And when you dust looks well again;
What many a man who has a wife
Submits to for a quiet life?

PROBLEM.

A well is 3 feet in diameter. To ascertain the depth of the water, a cylindrical pole 4 inches in diameter was put down. When drawn out 5 feet of the pole was wet. Required—the depth of water in the well.

ARTEMAS MARTIN,
M'Kean, Erie Co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

PROBLEM.

What would be the difference between the interest of $10,000 from July 1st to January 1st following—computing first by months, and last by days—allowing 365 days to a year.

M. Y. SEECH.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why is a hen immortal? Ans.—Because its *son* never *ects*.

☞ When is a man a spoon? Ans.—When he touches a lady's lips without keyissing them!

☞ When is a smile behind time? Ans.—When it's a little laughter.

☞ Why is the letter S like a sewing-machine? Ans.—Because it makes needles needless.

☞ Why does a nobleman's title sometimes become extinct? Ans.—Because, though the Queen can make a man appear (a peer,) she can't make him apparent (a parent.)

☞ What can be wetter than a woman with a cataract in her eye, a waterfall on her head, a creek in her back, forty springs in her skirts, and high-tied shoes? Ans.—Why, one with a notion in her head, and swimming in tears.

☞ Why is a leg of mutton like a quadrille band? Ans.—Because it's a good accompaniment to capers.

☞ What's the best kind of agricultural fair? Ans.—A very pretty farmer's daughter!

☞ What is the difference between a *premier danseuse* and a duck? Ans.—One goes quick on her beautiful legs, the other goes quack on her beautiful eggs.

☞ Why is a correct knowledge of grammar indispensable to young clergymen? Ans.—Because it leads to a(c)curacy!

☞ When a lady faints, what figure does she need? Ans.—You must bring her 2.

☞ What weed does a gardener seldom object to see? Ans.—A cigar in his own mouth.

ANSWERS TO LAST.

RIDDLE—Nothing. RIDDLE—Friendship. DECAPITATION.—Price, rice, ice.
WORD SQUARE—

BOAT
ONCE
ACME
TEEM

WORD SQUARE—

EVER
VALE
ELSE
REED

RECEIPTS.

Making Sauer-kraut.—The best we ate ever we made ourselves for many years, and for a considerable time with our own hands, and always from Savoy cabbage. It was manufactured in this wise: In the first place let your "stand," holding from a half barrel to a barrel, be thoroughly scalded out; the cutter, the tub and the stamper also well-scalded. Take off all the outer leaves of the cabbages, halve them, remove the heart and proceed with the cutting. Lay some clean leaves at the bottom of the stand, sprinkle with a handful of salt, fill in half a bushel of cut cabbage, stamp gently until the juice just makes its appearance, then add another handful of salt, and so on until the stand is full. Cover over with cabbage leaves, place on top a clean board fitting the space pretty well, and on top of that a stone weighing twelve or fifteen pounds. Stand away in a cool place, and when hard freezing comes on remove to the cellar. It will be ready for use in from four to six weeks. The cabbage should be cut tolerably coarse. The Savoy variety makes the best article, but it is only half as productive as the Drumhead and Flat Dutch.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

Pumpkin Pies.—By Mrs. L. A. G.—One quart of sifted pumpkin, beat 9 or 10 eggs, yolks and whites together, stir them well into the pumpkin, add 4 even tablespoonsful of ground ginger, 2½ tablespoonsful of ground cinnamon, 1 even teaspoonful or less of salt. Stir all well together, then add 2 quarts of sweet milk, and make about as sweet as for custard. Bake with one crust. This will make 4 pies.

A Substitute for Coffee.—From chemical analysis it appears that the seeds of the asparagus when dried, parched and ground, make a full flavored coffee, but little inferior to Mocha, containing in common with tea and coffee, the principle called taurine. Dry the asparagus berries well, after being thoroughly ripened, then rub them on a sieve, thus the seeds are readily separated.—*Journal of Health.*